

FIFTY CENTS

OCTOBER 19, 1970

Marxist Threat In The Americas

TIME



**Chile's
Salvador
Allende**



Continental Mark III.

Because there has to be something better.

In this world, there are those who demand something beyond conventional standards of luxury.

That's why there are the Continentals.

Automatic temperature control holds interior climate to within a degree or two, regardless of the weather. Standard, too, are Michelin steel-belted radial-ply tires and a full complement of power features. Sure-Track, the computer controlled anti-skid braking system, is

standard on Mark III, optional on Lincoln Continental.

At trade-in, a Continental can prove to be a clever investment. In fact, based on recent NADA average wholesale prices, Continental Mark III returns more of its original manufacturer's suggested price resulting in the highest resale value of any luxury car built in America.

Your first drive will convince you: the Continentals are cars apart and above. At the top of the class.

The Continentals: the final step up.



THE CONTINENTALS

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



The Lincoln Continental.

Winnebago. The fifty-two week funhouse on wheels.



Exciting Winnebago "motor homes" are not to be confused with those other vehicles called "mobile homes". Not that there's anything wrong with a mobile home. It's just that we don't make them. We make a self-propelled, self-contained, fifty-two week funhouse on wheels. In fact, we make 10 different models, 5 different lengths, and 7 different floor plans, from standard to luxurious. And we make them so you can go places, do things, meet people, and have a downright good time while you're at it.

Like touring wherever and whenever you wish. Vacationing with your family. Taking the gang to the ball game, or your cronies out duck hunting. You can even supply the ski lodge on your next Aspen outing. Or use it as a warming house for any winter sport. Winnebago's anything you want it to be. Anytime you want it to be.

So, when you get a Winnebago, you're getting more than a two-week vacation in Acapulco. You're getting all the things you ever imagined being a part of, fifty-two weeks a year, for years to come. And that's a happy investment because you can get a Winnebago motor home for about the same price as one of America's finer made automobiles.



The industry's most popular selling motor home.

Winnebago model D-22: Sleeps six (optional eight). Pecan colored vinyl clad plywood cabinetry. Coordinated high-fashion colors. Wall-to-wall carpeting. Dinette with 5" thick foam cushions, vinyl one side, fabric the other. Kitchen with 4-burner deluxe range, automatic oven, built-in refrigerator-freezer, double sink, overhead cabinets, drawers and work space with drop leaf extension. Bathroom with lavatory, marine toilet and shower. Lounge for relaxing and tv. Driver's compartment with rich black vinyl bucket seats and matching padded dash. Power steering, power brakes, V-8 engine with automatic transmission.

Camp America's Fly In - Camp Out rental program uses Winnebagos exclusively.

Winnebago Industries, Inc.
P. O. Box 152
Forest City, Iowa 50436

WINNEBAGO
Designed from the inside out

I read your advertisement in TIME. Please send more information and the name of my Winnebago dealer. (Code 713).

Name

Address

City

State Zip

Long Distance.


How to get up to two calls for the price of one.

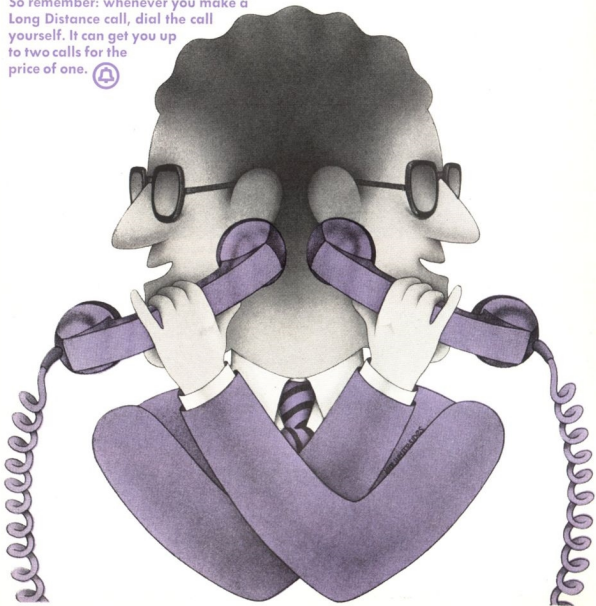
Whenever you can, dial Long Distance calls yourself instead of calling person-to-person through the operator. Look at the figures.

During business hours, a three-minute coast-to-coast calls costs \$3.30 plus tax if you call person-to-person.

However, if you make that call station-to-station, and dial it yourself without operator assistance, the cost is only \$1.35 plus tax.

You save 59%.

So remember: whenever you make a Long Distance call, dial the call yourself. It can get you up to two calls for the price of one. 



The drunk driver adds \$240 a year to your cost of living

—if you live.

It may be a few dollars more or less than that. The figure is approximate.

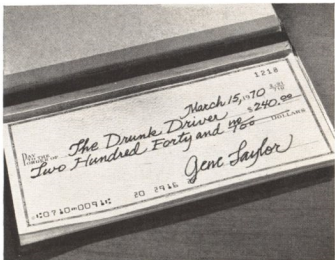
But there are some things that are deadly accurate. Last year, over 35,000 Americans were killed in crashes where drunk driving was involved. And at least two million were injured.

The drunk driver cost the country \$8 billion in direct economic loss. Add to that an estimated (and very conservative) indirect loss of \$16 billion, and you see the size of the problem.

But make it more personal than that. If you are one of the nation's 100 million licensed drivers, this means that to your yearly costs for groceries, clothing, housing, and the like, you can add \$240—your share of what the drunk driver costs America.

You say your wife has a driver's license, too? Then drunk drivers add \$480 a year to your family's cost of living.

The situation is bad and has been getting worse for the past several years. But it can still be turned around if you're willing to help. As



a beginning, each state needs the tough, effective drunk driving laws recommended by the National Highway Safety Bureau (24 states now have these laws—does yours?). The next step is fair enforcement of these laws.

Will you help?

Help stop the traffic slaughter.

For a free copy of the new booklet, "The Drunk Driver May Kill You (What You Can Do To Help Get Him Off The Road)," write to the Safety Director, Allstate Insurance Company, Northbrook, Illinois 60062.



Allstate®

Hiram Walker made great whiskey by making every hour count.

The man who started it all in 1858 took his time. And so do we. We make Walker's DeLuxe with the choicest grains. Then age it 8 full years. And not a minute less. With bourbon this choice, there's just no second choice.

8 years old



Walker's DeLuxe, the great bourbon from Hiram Walker himself.

© 1970 HIRAM WALKER & SONS, INC., PEORIA, ILL. • STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 86 PROOF



"We knew that a large bank could do more for our company. The question was: Would it take the trouble?"

"In 1961 we were doing our banking at Chicago's City National. It was a fair-sized bank. No giant, but it suited us all right. We were a smaller company in those days.

"Then the City National merged with Continental. We weren't perfectly convinced that such a big bank was right for us, but we gave it a try.

"And we were surprised. The big bank was easy to work with.

"Their officers took the time to establish a rapport. They were very friendly and informal—not a hint of stuffiness. And they were instantly available to get things done.

"About the same time, we started expanding overseas, and that's where the big bank had a

clear advantage. For instance, we now have four subsidiaries outside the U.S. and Canada, and Continental has an office or branch in all four countries.

"They arranged to get Eurodollars in London, helped with negotiations in Belgium, and advised us on setting up a subsidiary in Mexico City.

"Probably we could have gotten along with a smaller bank. But it certainly has made life easier to have Continental on our side. We're Continental people now. We think it's one fine bank."

The speaker: Burke B. Roche, President, Binks Manufacturing Company, Chicago.

His story is a familiar one to Continental Bank, because we're organized to meet the needs of growing companies.

You can investigate a growth-banking relationship by calling Jim Coulter, Vice President, at 828-8185.

It's what you'd expect from the biggest bank in Chicago.

By Professor
Spray painting systems are a principal product at Binks Manufacturing Company in Chicago. Since joining Continental Bank in 1961, the firm has nearly tripled sales while developing new industrial finishing processes and expanding its facilities in the U.S. and overseas.

CONTINENTAL BANK



NATURAL GAS ENERGY...THE NUTRITIONIST



Before long,
starving people may be
able to "eat" natural gas to
get their protein.



Last night, more than 1½ billion people went to bed hungry enough to eat a horse. Literally. Because they had little or no meat, fish, eggs or any other adequate source of protein...the nutritional ingredient that's necessary to keep body and soul together.

What the world needs is a faster, easier, less expensive way to produce protein.

And maybe the world has it...in natural gas. The same gas that warms and cools your home, cooks your food and dries your clothes. It may be the richest, lowest cost source of protein ever discovered.

Research, backed by Northern Illinois Gas Company, has uncovered a process which changes gas into a powder that's

almost pure protein. At a cost much lower than the lowest cost protein available today. What's more, this gas protein is naturally rich in Vitamin B₁₂, another vital ingredient that's missing in many diets.

Soon, people in underdeveloped areas may be able to get all the protein and B₁₂ vitamins they need by simply adding a little white powder to whatever food is available.

Better nutrition for a hungry world... just one of the exciting things to come from natural gas energy.

**There's a lot more coming
from natural gas energy.**

**Northern Illinois
Gas Company**

"I thought it was going to be too sweet, but Richard said 'no.'"



"If you like Canadian before dinner, you'll like this afterward. The Canadian Golden Gate. Half Canadian. Half Yellow Chartreuse. It's not a big change. Just your favorite Canadian, with a slight French accent."



Yellow Chartreuse, 86 proof, poured half-and-half with Scotch or Bourbon, Vodka, Canadian or Gin, creates a Golden Gate. Lets you stay with what you start with. Not to be confused with 110 proof Green Chartreuse, which is best enjoyed neat, chilled or over ice. Imported by Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.
CHARTREUSE
The indispensable liqueurs



Now, what were you saying about today's wild kids?

Kids don't change. But the times sure do.

And when they do, people's needs change right along with them.

Forty years ago their needs for food, shelter and clothing were a long way from today's frozen dinners, glass houses and body stockings.

And companies that didn't recognize what was happening have been limited in their success.

Even insurance has changed. A lot.

Policies to pay your salary when you're laid up, insure you against air disaster, or even against some dread disease were all just fantasies.

CNA/insurance helped make them realities.

We feel insurance should be there when needs arise.

Tomorrow, for example, might call for space travel policies. Or for something completely unforeseeable. But whatever it is, CNA/insurance plans to lead the way again.

We know insurance is the basis of all sound financial planning. And sound financial planning is what the member companies of CNA Financial Corporation are all about.

From insurance for newborn Americans to nursing care for the aged. From nuclear leasing to new homes to car loans.

We make money work.

CNA FINANCIAL CORPORATION

THE WORLD OF BOAC

It's daily VC10 flights to London. For people who don't like crowds.

Our exclusive VC10s give you an alternative. Flying to London with 350 people on that other plane, or flying with us. Our VC10 holds about a third as many passengers. Aboard you stretch out in the roomiest Economy seat of any comparable jet. You leave O'Hare at 6:30 pm after your work day, and arrive in London at 10:20 am the next morning after the London rush-hour. Perfect timing.

It's British service. Very gratifying.

With BOAC, you'll appreciate service in the



British tradition. A Chief Steward is in charge of your care and our stewardesses. You'll find your call button answered promptly and politely, your meals served deftly,

with everything just right.

It's low-cost Fall vacations in Britain.

Every one of these Fall vacations bargains includes your round-trip air fare from Chicago.

\$400* London Super Show Tour. 15 days. Hotel room with private bath and breakfast. 7 theater tickets. Casino membership. Backstage visit.

\$400* Bonanza Car, Bus or Rail Holiday. 15 days. Guest house accommodations. Self-drive car or rail pass or bus tour tickets. All with unlimited mileage.

\$543 London & Sun Tours.** 17 days. Week in London with hotel with private bath, breakfasts, theater tickets



PLUS air tickets and a week in Spain or North Africa including hotel accommodations with private bath and all meals.

\$337 29/45-Day Economy Excursion Fare from Chicago. To get this astonishingly low fare, just stay in Britain at least 29 days but less than 45. For another \$55, we'll throw in a rental car for a month.

It's a business hop by international jet.

Here's how to fly from Chicago to Montreal in style. Fly with us aboard our exclusive VC10. Enjoy British service aboard an international jet bound for Britain. It leaves O'Hare at 6:30 pm every evening.

It's BOAC around the World.

BOAC is the second largest international airline in the World, serving 80 cities in 53 countries on 6 continents. We can fly you to Britain (of course), Europe, the Middle and Far East, Africa, Australia, India. You name it. Think about it. Great to know you can get British service wherever you go. And you thought you could only get it to London.

For complete details and reservations, see your Travel Agent or contact British Overseas Airways Corporation, 2 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 60602. Tel. 332-7744.

 **BOAC**
takes good care of you



*Includes GIT air fare from Chicago. **Includes GIT air fare from Chicago (via New York). Prices shown are based on sharing twin-bedded rooms. Where included, one self-drive car is provided for two persons travelling together. Departures commence in November and must be booked at least 30 days in advance.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

In This Building

FLOOR	ROOMS	RENTAL
1 Bdrn, 17th floor with w/his exply, dishwasher \$25.00		
For information, contact Mr. Schultz, Apt. 5-D or call 997-4033		

Apply to

This is a sign you need us.

There's a whole lot more to managing a building these days than just hanging out a sign like this.

You need professional people born and bred on today's sound management principles. People who recognize that managing is making your property return the maximum profit on your investment.

People like Baird & Warner.

We're one of the country's largest management firms. And we got that way by providing our clients with total involvement.

We pinpoint potential problems before they mean trouble. So your tenants stay happy. We also use sophisticated marketing and accounting techniques to keep occupancy up and costs down. So you stay happy.

If you own real estate, commercial or residential, call Baird & Warner. Then our management team can concentrate on making your property pay.

And that's no empty promise.

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LETTERS

History Will Judge

Sir: You mention [Sept. 28] that the Palestinians "would like to turn the clock back to the days before the Balfour Declaration." This is fine, and may be accurate as far as some Palestinians are concerned. But then why not draw the obvious parallel and say that the creation of the state of Israel was in itself a turning back of the clock by 2,000 years?

In addition to this, your piece also stated: "Jordan is an artificial creation to begin with." Right. But how about Israel, or does it owe its creation to some transcendental and metaphysical origin?

Israel cannot, as the saying goes, have its cake and eat it too: either national boundaries are sacred and immutable and transcend the human dominion—in which case neither Israel nor its allies had the right to expel the rightful owners of Palestine from their land—or states are subject to human design and historical events, and thus Israel and its friends cannot logically condemn on inconsistent moral grounds the actions and the goals of the Palestinian people. History will judge.

MONCEP R.M. MEDDEB
Harvard College
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir: Not one inch of land in Palestine was acquired by other than legal means. Israel itself was legally established. Wars forced by Arabs or anybody else leave refugees in their wake. Later events proved that there was more than enough land space to accommodate both Jews who came as immigrants and resident Arabs. There still is.

RABBI SIDNEY H. BROOKS
Omaha

Believe It or Not

Sir: Your Essay, "A New American Credo" [Sept. 28], contained many familiar jewels. However, one of my favorites is still: That you really can't afford more than two children nowadays—it costs so much to raise and educate them.

MARCIA MAHAN
San Diego

Sir: That you can always get a first-rate meal at a restaurant patronized by truck drivers.

That a lot of wife swapping goes on at parties in suburbia.

That people who drink martinis at lunch never do any work at the office for the remainder of the day.

That the only way for a neophyte actress to get a big part is to sleep with the producer.

That the most popular professor on any campus got that way because he never flunks any students.

That cab drivers have the wisdom and insight of Plato and Socrates combined.

That old maids are sexually repressed.

That men with beards are intellectuals.

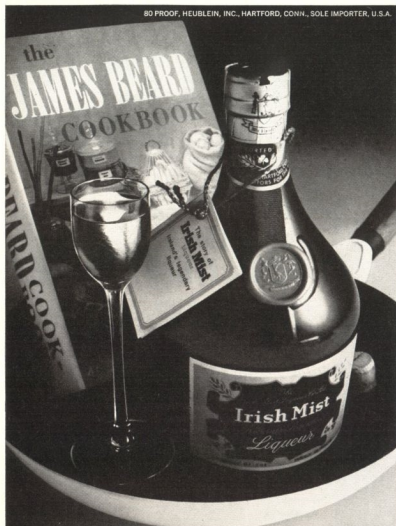
That any man who smokes a pipe is appealing to women.

That no matter how many people are in a given restaurant, the head waiter will always take you to the worst table.

BURLING LOWREY
Washington, D.C.

Sir: That people who wear hard hats are exceptionally patriotic.

That Raquel Welch is really a man.
That the terms Republican and Dem-



Irish Mist Liqueur as savoured by James Beard.

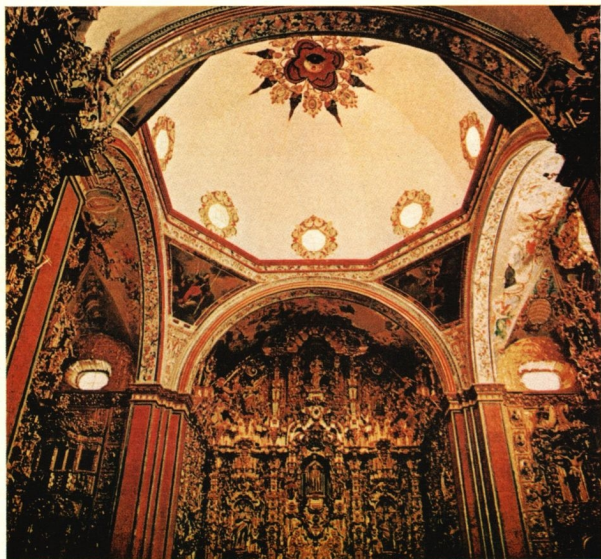
My travels in behalf of excellent cuisine have taken me to places as dissimilar as North Africa and the Pacific Islands.

How enchanting to discover in a discreet Irish Pub, and now here, the crowning glory of the liqueur-makers art.

Irish Mist® Liqueur. Ireland's legendary liqueur.® An elegant jewel of Irish wit that successfully sustains its original promise of warmth, of charm, of conviviality laced with haute couture. Rarely have I sensed the vivacity and lyricism of Irish regionalism merged so happily with worldly sophistication. First concocted, I understand in the 14th Century, it can't be quietly kept on ice much longer, except if you will, in a glass. And this, I highly recommend.

Bon Appétit.

MEXICO



The measured beat of chamber music now fills the stately cathedral of Tepetzotlan... Mexico has many ages. You can thrill to the music of the baroque in a cathedral that reflects all the glories of colonial Mexico. Just a few miles from Mexico City, it is hundreds of years away in time. That's part of the secret of Mexico. There is a new world around every corner. Mexico is an endless discovery.

Mexican Information Office, Dept. TB-010
Mexico House, 9445 Wilshire Boulevard
Beverly Hills, California 90212

Send more information on the endless discovery of Mexico

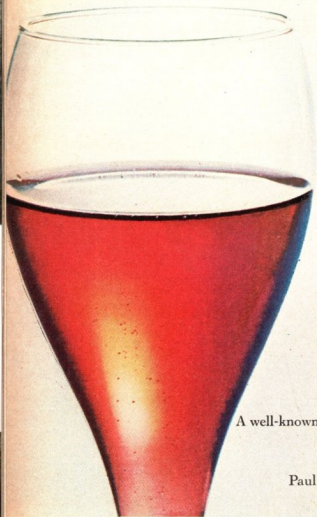
Name

Address

City State Zip

Mexican National Tourist Council
Mexican Tourism Department TB-010

Are you getting all the bubbles you're entitled to?



A well-known crack.



Paul Masson's Crackling Rosé.

Next time you order a crackling rosé wine, count the bubbles.

Then ask yourself two questions:

Does it crackle like it used to? The leading import doesn't.

And does it crackle as much as Paul Masson's Crackling Rosé? Again, the leading import doesn't.

The reason is ridiculous, but true.

Yes, folks, there is actually a tax on bubbles.

Our competitors have our sympathy. (They have import duty, too.)

But they don't have our sparkle.

We're in the happy position of being able to offer you a premium crackling rosé wine, naturally fermented in the bottle, with all the bubbles necessary to enliven the occasion.

And yet we can charge you less than our leading competitor.

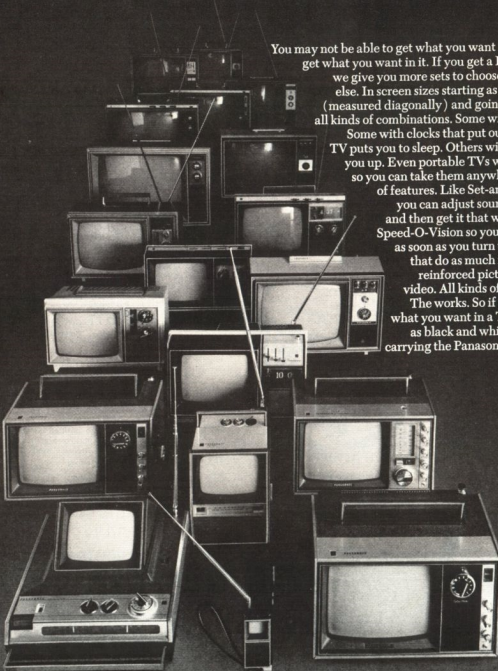
Not much of a competition.

Paul Masson's Crackling Rosé.



PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA ©1970

It's all here in black and white.



You may not be able to get what you want on TV, but you can get what you want in it. If you get a Panasonic. Because we give you more sets to choose from than anyone else. In screen sizes starting as small as 1½ inches (measured diagonally) and going all the way up. In all kinds of combinations. Some with FM/AM radios.

Some with clocks that put our sets to sleep after TV puts you to sleep. Others with clocks that wake you up. Even portable TVs with batteries inside so you can take them anywhere. With all kinds of features. Like Set-and-Forget tuning so you can adjust sound and picture once and then get it that way every time. And Speed-O-Vision so you can see everything as soon as you turn the set on. Speakers that do as much for the sound as our reinforced picture tubes do for the video. All kinds of automatic circuits.

The works. So if you want to get just what you want in a TV set, it's as simple as black and white. Go to any dealer carrying the Panasonic line. It's all there.

PANASONIC.
just slightly ahead of our time.

PRONOUNCE IT "TANKER-RAY"



*If this were an ordinary
gin, we would have put
it in an ordinary gin bottle.*
Charles Tanqueray

DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN LONDON, 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, 47.3 PROOF, IMPORTED BY JAMES M. MCCUNN & CO., INC., N.Y.

ocrat have lost their meanings; Conservative and Liberal have replaced them.

That cigarette smoking is a disease, like cancer.

That Joe Namath is the thinking man's hero.

(MRS.) EILEEN D. OBSER
Cresskill, N.J.

Sir: Since the woman's role in our society has been shaped by shibboleths, platitudes and clichés, the "New American Credo" is not complete without a few statements about the woman:

That a woman's place is in the home.

That if you educate a woman, you educate a family (or educate a woman and she will only get married and have children anyway).

That a woman is not fulfilled until she has children.

That a good girl makes a good wife.

That the children of a working mother are spoiled, neglected or at least neurotic.

That a career and marriage do not mix.

That Women's Liberation is fine if women will be subject to the draft (or support the family, or pick up the tab on dates).

JOHANNA CUNNINGHAM
Clifton, N.J.

Question of Price

Sir: If Vice Chancellor Healy believes that merit is no longer necessary for admission [Sept. 28], I wonder if he realizes the price that industry, and the country as a whole, will eventually pay for his hand-outs—the price for his generosity with second chances.

What will Chancellor Bowker propose when these easy riders mull their second chance and start demanding a third and fourth chance, and finally claim their "right" to a diploma as payment of society's debt to them?

(MRS.) PEGGY DiBISCEGLIE
Kansas City, Mo.

Sir: For a society that upholds with almost sacred tenacity the concept of individuality, we surely do our part in pushing people into identical molds. And it seems educators are becoming the worst offenders. Hasn't this education-crazed world learned yet that the college sheepskin is not the key to instant success, and that not everyone, though entitled to the right by natural law, is suited for algebraic equations, sociological theories and abstract philosophies?

Liberate and open our colleges, yes. But not at the expense of classrooms being jammed, professors frustrated, students lost in the shuffle, and devaluated diplomas.

BECKY S. PORTERFIELD
Tulane University
New Orleans

Who Fouled Whom

Sir: In your account of the second America's Cup race [Oct. 5], you say that the committee's decision to give *Intrepid* right of way was based on the claim that she had overlapped *Gretel II*. Whether or not *Gretel II* was overlapped is in my opinion completely redundant. What really counts is that she was not entitled to room at any time, but if the room was there, she had a perfect right to go through. The other extremely vital point is that under Rule 42.1F, after the gun was fired, the leeward boat (*Gretel*) has to bear off to a close-hauled course and can no longer luff. In the first photo that you showed,

San Juan. It never closes.

San Juan is alive.

At 10 P.M., when the rest of the Caribbean is ready to close, San Juan is starting to stir.

The psychedelic lights at the Hunca Munca are switched on for the night.

The showgirls of the Revue de Paris are just going to work.

The Hard Rock groups are rocking at the Caribe Bar.

The Flamenco dancers are warming up at the El Convento in old San Juan.

The singing waiters are hitting their stride at the Trattoria Portofino.

The ballerinas at the Tapia Theatre are half way through the first act.

Arabella's Attic is open.

The Borinquen songfest at the La Danza has begun.

It's night in San Juan.

And you want to see and hear and feel it all. But you know you can't. Not all in one night.

Come dawn, San Juan is as alive as San Juan by night. You won't live it lying around the hotel pool.

Drive to the top of El Yunque rain forest. The orchids are as wild and as free as the view.

Golf at Dorado Beach and pretend you're a pro. But watch out for the guy next to you, he may be.

Scuba dive in a world you've only seen in the movies.

Drive out to El Comandante racetrack. The sweetest racetrack in the world, where the surface is crushed sugar cane.

Take a picnic to a deserted offshore island in a sloop. Bring your best girl Friday.

Explore old San Juan.

Stand in the dungeons of San Cristobal and run your fingers along the prisoners' sketches on the wall. They were made in 1539.

Eat Langosta, bacalaitos, alcapurrias. Drink the specially light rum that only Puerto Rico makes.

Live. You are in San Juan. The city that never closes. On the island that never closes.

**Puerto Rico.
It never closes.**



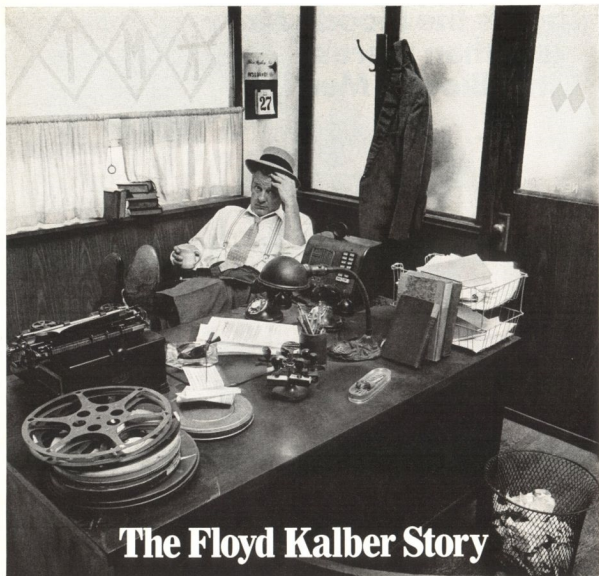


The Liqueur that comes from a very good family.

The Chivas Brothers, who make Chivas Regal, also make the Scotch that goes into Lochan Ora Liqueur. Although we begin Lochan Ora at home

we go as far as Curacao and Ceylon to bring you the subtle flavors to blend with our Scotch. Lochan Ora. From a family with excellent taste.

IMPORTED BY GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.



The Floyd Kalber Story

Beneath Floyd Kalber's professional exterior there beats the heart of a newsman.

A newsman of the old tradition—the kind who “gets that story.”

He has chased presidential candidates, interviewed major and minor celebrities, even slept in hotel corridors to get his stories.

Floyd knows you don't get to be Chicago's number one TV anchorman on Chicago's number one news channel sitting down.

Unless it's behind a typewriter.

The 10 pm News. It's our life.



There's the Bloody Mary and then there's the Bloody Merrier.



Do something nice for someone—like taking a Bloody Mary and making her a more merry Mary. V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juice does the trick. Just ice, 4 jiggers of "V-8" (6 oz.) and 1 of your old standby. So, always keep some handy because... "V-8" makes the Bloody Merrier.

If it doesn't have "V-8,"
it's not a Bloody Merrier.



V-8 is a trademark of Campbell Soup Company.

the gun has already gone and *Gretel* is clearly luffing. In the second photo she is luffing even farther. Even prior to the first photo, she should have borne off to a close-hauled course and, had she done so, there would have been ample room for *Intrepid* to pass between her and the committee boat. The photos, when one does not know the timing in relation to the starting gun, tend to confirm that *Intrepid* was forcing a passage where, in reality, *Gretel* was illegally closing a gap by luffing when she had absolutely no right to do so.

ROBERT N. BAVIER JR.
Manhattan

It's Money, Honey

Sir: Too many teachers on the job market (Sept. 28)? Don't be misled. The truth is that for the first time in history, this country has enough qualified teachers to do an effective job of educating children, but not enough funds. Just imagine what education could really be if each classroom were reduced to 20 children instead of 35 or more.

(MRS.) MADELYN D. SHEETS
First-Grade Teacher
Fountain Valley School District
Long Beach, Calif.

Echoes of Mark

Sir: So after Agnew calls the opposition needlessly nasty needing names (Sept. 28), comes the disclaimer: "These are not evil men . . . not disloyal . . . or unpatriotic." Echoes of Mark Antony: "For Brutus is an honorable man; So are they all, all honorable men."

(MRS.) GLADYS FOREMAN
Los Angeles

Sir: It is extremely amusing to me to listen to those who try to discredit Vice President Agnew. They are fighting a losing battle. You see, he wields an indestructible weapon—the truth.

PATRICIA L. VITKUS
Munster, Ind.

Sir: We have heard more than enough from the stammering statesman for the status quo. He has formed his own Triple-A club—for atrocious and absurd alliteration.

Mr. Agnew, withhold your wit and will. Desist from your dissonant diatribe and rejoin the ranks of the silent majority.

MICHAEL JOSEPH DOLAN
San Jose, Calif.

In Her Fashion

Sir: When I entered the convent, I never expected to be fashionable again. However, I now find I'm in the avant-garde of the Longueotte look (Sept. 14) in my religious habit.

C'est la vie.

SISTER MARIE ELLEN
St. Germaine's Home
Peekskill, N.Y.

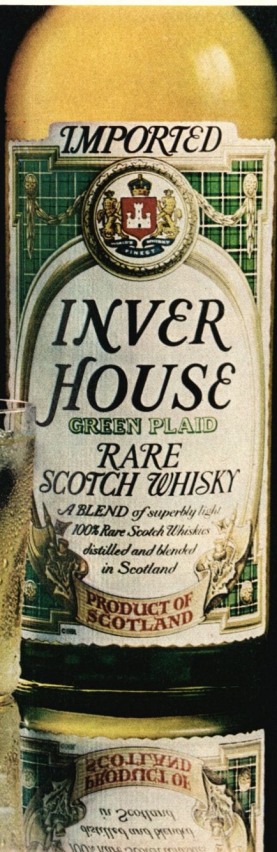
Supreme Slick

Sir: For the few who believe that God is dead, don't expect that the "Sick Chick Grace Slick" is about to bring the Supreme to life in December (Sept. 14).

MRS. MELVIN MALASKE
Stanchfield, Minn.

Sir: You quote Grace Slick as saying that she is a little worried about her pregnancy, "what with all the weird drugs

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and upper right: 1971 Ford LTD Country Squire. Top left: 1971 Torino Squire.

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we've been taking," and that the happy parents-to-be have already picked a name for the child—"God." May I suggest for a middle name—"Speed."

(MRS.) BERYL CLAAR
Golden, Colo.

Blunder of the Century?

Sir: Hooray for Lindbergh [Sept. 14]! Sure we hated Hitler. Why didn't we hate Stalin also? He was equally mean, murderous and monstrous.

The failure of President Roosevelt to recognize this truth will become known as the blunder of the century. And we will not recover from this blunder during this century.

JOHN R. KILGORE
San Antonio

Playing Hobbes

Sir: You have S.J. Perelman saying "I think Swift said that life is not only nasty and brutish, but short" [Sept. 28]. Perelman should be advised that the quotation is from Thomas Hobbes' *Leviathan* (1651): the life of man is "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short."

JULES BIEGELSEN
Saint Louis

How the Baby Grows

Sir: The whole thing is a big laugh. For years I have been reading stories announcing the new breed of "compacts" [Sept. 21].

Each time the Detroit makers take a stab at the compact field, the first thing

they announce is how much bigger, wider, more powerful their product is than the foreign competition. Each year they add a few inches and a few horses. Within four or five years, their baby has grown into a typical Detroit monster, and they have to back up and start over again.

MENNO DUERKSEN
Memphis

Tears and Laughter

Sir: I thought I was the only one who appreciated George Plimpton's literary genius [Sept. 21]. I have read his books and have shed tears of laughter and felt pangs of frustration along with him. *Paper Lion* gave birth to my interest in football. All I need now is for the Dallas Cowboys to use the full extent of their talents so that I may experience the joys of football, rather than the anguish.

(MRS.) CAROL A. PASCHALL
Dallas

Sir: Regarding your fine Essay on George Plimpton: George trained and finally performed his extraordinary trapeze act as part of a television special that I produced for ABC-TV entitled *PLIMPTON! The Man on the Flying Trapeze*, which will air next spring. George's circus exploits were done under the aegis of the Cole Brothers-Clyde Beatty Circus, not Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey as your article stated.

DAVID L. WOLPER
Beverly Hills

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LEE WITH ALLENDE IN SANTIAGO

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Henry Luce III

ENGLISH, like every living language, is a steadily evolving medium that reflects a world in transition. As the horizon of human experience expands, so does the need for fresh words and expressions. Journalists, as interpreters of the new and unusual, have a vital role to play in this process. At TIME, particularly, correspondents and writers constantly seek to enrich the idiom, and TIME's use of words has long been one of the magazine's most vivid characteristics.

Such mainstays of the vernacular as tycoon, kudos, pundit and erudite all gained currency from their use in TIME. Our movie reviewers borrowed cinema from the French—and played numerous variations on the theme with cinemactor, cinemactress, cinemopet, cinemogul. The word newsmagazine was a TIME creation.

The magazine was the first to put the op art, and lead the Roman numerals to World War II and to lead the way in popularizing scores of new words from G.I. to A-bomb and egghead. Richard Scammon's "unyoung, unpoor and unblack" description of the average American was quoted in TIME, and its reception encouraged him to co-author *The Real Majority*. We found ecdisiast, first minted by H.L. Menckens, a delightful way of describing Gypsy Rose Lee, and helped make it a part of the language. The title beatnik, originally bestowed on Bohemian writers in San Francisco, became a generic term in the pages of TIME. McCarthyism and Castroism first came into general use in the magazine, as did Kremlinologist, Sinologist and urbanologist.

As a matter of fact, so much that is new has appeared in the magazine over the years that one frequent visitor to the library in our London Bureau is a lady from the Oxford English Dictionary. Her task is to verify that TIME was the first user of many of the new words going into the latest edition.

This week's cover story deals with the election of Salvador Allende to the presidency of Chile, the first country ever to choose of its own elective will an avowed Marxist as its President. How this came about, and its likely effect on the rest of Latin America, was reported by David Lee, with the assistance of Kay Huff and Jerry Hannifin. The article itself was written by William Smith, researched by Genevieve Wilson and Sara Medina and edited by Ronald Kriss.

The Cover: Watercolor on colored paper by Bob Peak.

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES Society and Self

Speaking at the inauguration of Hampshire College in Amherst, Mass., Poet Archibald MacLeish, 78, offered some thoughts aimed equally at the rebellious young and the apprehensive Silent Majority. Conflicts at the nation's universities, he said, "are not disciplinary troubles, whatever the generation now in middle age may say about them. They are not, as the more romantic of the young believe, 'revolutionary,' meaning political, troubles. They are troubles at the heart of human life, troubles in the culture itself, in the civilization, troubles that cannot be cured by ranting at the Government, however misguided or misdirected, or by sending in the National Guard, whatever the provocation, but

RICK HEELY

DEMONSTRATION OF DRUG DELIVERY
Old-fashioned tactics.

only by restoring the culture to wholeness and to health, which means, by restoring the precarious balance between the society and the self." In such events as "the Los Angeles murders and the tortures in Connecticut and the brutality in Ohio," MacLeish added, "we suddenly see what self beyond society becomes, and society without the sense of self."

Americans will undoubtedly continue to summon the Guard and rant at Government; the impulses to do so are endemic and some situations permit no alternative. What MacLeish pointed out is the need for a deeper readjustment of society—a rediscovery of and renewal of affection for such old-fashioned virtues as tolerance and forbearance. Just as the U.S. and Russia have developed a coexistence, however ten-

tative, those edging toward the poles of American society must learn to live with each other in the knowledge that if they do not, either can destroy everything for both.

Shot Pot

The elaborate machinations of modern criminals, and the scientific countermeasures of police laboratories seem to grow steadily more complex. But on the Mexican border, tactics have regressed to old-fashioned simplicity. The authorities are now using dogs to sniff out U.S.-bound marijuana. Smugglers, in turn, are using the weapons of another age; they now shoot small packets of pot across the Rio Grande by bow and arrow.

Red Shovels

To each according to his needs, said Karl Marx. Living in Yonkers, N.Y., supported mainly by his lecture fees, Gus Hall, general secretary of the American Communist Party, probably figured his needs included a little extra cash. He bought a New York State lottery ticket, and last week he found himself the winner of \$500. Hall was not a bit sheepish about having indulged in such a capitalistic vice. To those who charged him with doctrinal impurity, he replied: "Marx said that the capitalist system creates its own grave diggers. Well, this is money for a few more shovels."

The Mechanical Nose

Almost before the word environment was invented, Washington's Hopfenmaier rendering plant was a synonym for stench. Especially on warm afternoons, the conversion of animal carcasses to fertilizer and soap fills the Potomac air off Georgetown with such industrial halitosis that diplomats homeward bound from nearby Foggy Bottom inhale the gases and are tempted to ask for a transfer—anywhere.

The city's adoption last year of a new air-pollution code brought a fresh breeze of hope. Odors injurious to the public welfare were outlawed; the definition of welfare included reasonable enjoyment of life and property. To enforce the code, alas, the city acquired a Scentometer. The device is a plastic box that contains a sensitive mechanical sniffer through which an inspector breathes. This is a scientific means, supposedly, for calibrating stink. But for the past eleven months the Scentometer has gasped through 1,100 tests of the air around Hopfenmaier's and found it legally tolerable. The machine is contradicted by most noses in town.



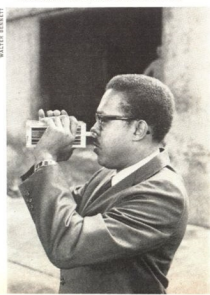
DOLLARD & COLLECTION BASKETS
American approach; decisive reaction.

Prayer Fare

Faced with \$550,000 in debts from the construction of a new complex of church buildings, the Rev. John Dollard established a compulsory church membership fee of \$8 per month. Dollard reasoned that his Roman Catholic parishioners at St. Charles Borromeo Church in Livermore, Calif., should be willing to pay the fare of their faith. Mormons and Seventh-day Adventists, after all, are required to tithe.

"This is an American approach to an American problem," said Dollard. "Traditionally, a person with a baptism record has the right of membership in a parish. I'm not impressed by that any more. People have got to pay to get into this outfit from now on." The reaction of the flock, which was probably more bothered by the coercion than by the \$8 bite, was decisive if not generous. Church membership since the change has dropped from 850 families to 350.

POLLUTION INSPECTOR & SCENTOMETER



Nixon's Plea to End the Killing

JUST one year ago, hundreds of thousands of Americans turned out for an unprecedented Moratorium Day of protest against the Viet Nam War. It is difficult to imagine any repetition now of the massive outpourings of M-Day, 1969, or of the angry campus demonstrations of last May, after the invasion of Cambodia. By working steadily toward an end to U.S. fighting in Viet Nam, the President has damped discord and virtually removed the war from active political debate in the 1970 election campaign.

Last week Richard Nixon took another significant step toward breaking the stalemate at the Paris negotiating table and further diluting Indochina as a domestic issue. In his seventh major television address on the war, the President responded to the National Liberation Front's eight-point proposal of last month with a five-point plan of his own; it won bipartisan plaudits at home and avoided outright rejection by the Communists in Paris. In contrast to the flaunting of American power that marked his speeches during his European trip, his tone last week was conciliatory. Where he had occasionally sounded bellicose in previous discussions of the war, he now struck a quiet note of hope: "Let us give our children what we have not had in this century, a chance to enjoy a generation of peace." Specifically, he proposed:

- Immediate negotiation of a standstill cease-fire, under international supervision, throughout South Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia. Forces on both sides would remain in place, but fighting would stop while the adversaries sought agreement on other questions. "I do not minimize the difficulty of maintaining a cease-fire in a guerrilla war where there are no front lines," Nixon said. "But an unconventional war may require an unconventional truce." The Communists' statement of Sept. 17 also mentioned a cease-fire, but in a far different context. It proposed a truce only after acceptance of their two continuing key demands: complete and unilateral U.S. withdrawal by June 30, 1971, and replacement of the Thieu-Ky leadership by a coalition including the Viet Cong.

- An international peace conference, on the model of the Geneva sessions of 1954 and 1962 that partitioned Viet Nam and arranged a political settlement in Laos. The Paris talks on Viet Nam

would continue, but the parallel problems of Cambodia and Laos would be taken up by a conference presumably including the current Paris participants as well as Britain, France, the Soviet Union, China and the members of the moribund International Control Commission—Canada, India and Poland.

- Negotiation of "an agreed timetable for complete withdrawals as part of an overall settlement." Less dramatic, perhaps, than Nixon's first two proposals, this one was probably the most significant. The U.S. continues to insist on

infiltration from the North with little fear that any U.S. President would be likely to reintroduce U.S. forces.

- Renewed joint efforts to reach "a political settlement that truly meets the aspirations of all South Vietnamese." Here Nixon took the toughest line of his speech. He flatly refused what he termed the Communists' "patently unreasonable demand" that President Thieu, Vice President Ky and Prime Minister Tran Thien Kiem be excluded from an interim regime that would hold national elections to establish a coalition government. "We are prepared to be flexible on many matters," Nixon said, but the U.S. will not consider jettisoning the three principals of the present government.

- Immediate and unconditional release of all prisoners of war on both sides, plus immediate freedom for all captured journalists "and other innocent civilian victims of the conflict." In September, the Viet Cong said that it was ready to discuss P.W. exchanges, but only if the U.S. agreed to get all its troops out of Viet Nam by the middle of next year. The chorus of international voices asking for release of captured servicemen has been steadily rising, and Nixon has now applied public pressure to the Communists at a vulnerable point.

Conserving Gains. Laudable as it is, Nixon's plan for a standstill cease-fire probably has small chance of winning quick agreement from the Communists—largely because he waited to make it until such a truce could preserve a military balance that is advantageous to the U.S. American military leaders including General Creighton Abrams, the Viet Nam commander, opposed a cease-fire until only recently. After surveying the results of the Cambodian incursion, they concluded that the threat to Saigon and the populous Mekong Delta from



MEDEVAC CHOPPER IN VIET NAM.
High grades at home if nothing else.

the evacuation of North Vietnamese forces too, but for the first time Nixon publicly accepted the principle of removal of all U.S. forces—including support troops and advisers—by a specified time. As an alternative to Vietnamization bolstered by an indefinitely prolonged U.S. presence in Viet Nam, this could be tempting to Hanoi and the N.L.F.; it would leave the Thieu regime without on-the-scene U.S. backing. The Communists would then be free to step up political pressures in Saigon. They could even resume guerrilla warfare and

the border sanctuaries was substantially over for some time to come. The American generals now favor a cease-fire because it would conserve their gains.

White House experts contend that the cease-fire and Nixon's other proposals are not designed to gain unilateral advantage for the U.S. Says one foreign policy adviser: "We believe that this offer makes it possible for the other side to go along without risking whatever position they now have. We recognize that the North Vietnamese have not fought for 25 years in order



NIXON IN SAVANNAH, GA.
Further diluting the issue.

to be maneuvered out of their share of the political process at this stage."

To Hanoi and the Viet Cong, the war has always been a political struggle, while Americans have viewed it mainly as a military confrontation. Nixon is proposing a freeze of the military conflict where it stands in return for U.S. agreement to remove all forces within as little as twelve months' time. What is more, the Nixon proposals are not being presented to Hanoi and the Viet Cong on a take-it-or-leave-it basis. Rather, they are designed to get the Communists talking more seriously and fighting with less enthusiasm. Even an imperfect cease-fire would reduce casualties and costs on both sides.

Calculated Display. What Hanoi's eventual response will be, no one could predict last week with authority. As Ambassador David Bruce arrived to put Nixon's proposals on the table in Paris the morning after the President's speech, North Viet Nam's Xuan Thuy denounced them as "an electoral gift certificate" aimed solely at improving Republican chances in the November elections. Alluding to Bruce's description of the Communists' Sept. 17 points as "new wine in old bottles," the Viet Cong's Duong Dinh Thao called Nixon's speech "a bottle marked 'Peace' but which contained no wine at all—only gunpowder, poisonous chemicals and many words in the Goebbels style."

In the rituals of international diplomacy, first reactions often mean little, and some U.S. officials in Paris read significance into the fact that nothing said amounted to direct rejection of any of Nixon's substantive points. Instead, the rhetoric's main purpose was to disparage U.S. motives. In Washington, Secretary of State William Rogers declared that

at the present rate of withdrawals, U.S. troops "by and large will be out of the combat role" by May 1. This seemed to be a further effort to win the Communists' assent to Nixon's five points.

Same Perch. If nothing else, however, Nixon earned high grades at home—for the merits of his proposals and for his political skill in presenting them. Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield quickly backed the plan; Maine's Democratic Senator Edmund Muskie, an eloquent critic of the war and a possible challenger to Nixon in 1972, called it "welcome and serious." Said Idaho Democrat Frank Church: "The President has joined us. He is now on the same perch with the doves. So what is there to argue about? We've won this argument. Now we have to keep withdrawal going. We should not fight the President in his efforts to move us out, we should support him. That way we keep up the pressure on him, and it will be a lot harder for him to turn around."

John Stewart, director of communications at the Democratic National Committee, thought Nixon's timing was judicious: "This was the week to make the speech. To have waited a few weeks would have opened him to the charge that he was simply playing politics with the war issue." Both Stewart and Jim Allison, deputy chairman of the Republican National Committee, agreed that Viet Nam will swing few votes in November. Said Allison: "I don't think the speech will have any particular effect on the votes one way or the other. What this really does is negate the issue." But the speech was not without political effect. Democratic and Republican strategists alike felt that it added to Nixon's standing as a world statesman—and would inevitably improve his effectiveness as a campaigner for Republican candidates in the few weeks remaining before Nov. 3.

During a political journey to Georgia last week, where the President encountered Governor Lester Maddox, greeted black schoolchildren and pressed the flesh in behalf of Hal Suit, the Republican candidate for Governor, Nixon repeatedly paid tribute to backers of his plan in both parties. "It was a bipartisan speech," he proclaimed. "There was no partisanship in it. When people are working for peace, there are no politics in it." The Senate quickly and unanimously voted a resolution of support. Even though a lone irate Republican in Congress telephoned Henry Kissinger to complain that Nixon should have saved the speech until after the World Series, the President had good reason to be happy with his performance. Should the Communists eventually agree to his proposals, he will have made the enormous stride of ending the killing in Viet Nam. Even if his plea is rejected, he will still get credit for trying to follow a Churchillian dictum: "To jaw-jaw is always better than to war-war."

THE CONGRESS

The Politics of Crime

In October of every even-numbered year, members of Congress take stock. They look ahead toward the November elections—and glance back at what they have done, or failed to do. This year, they know that voters are aroused about crime and violence and they are well aware that President Nixon, as well as Vice President Agnew, have accused the Congress of failing to act on the Administration's law-enforcement bills. As a result, the Congress is working with last-minute desperation to escape any soft-on-crime label.

The Administration has proposed three major anticrime measures. Already enacted is the Washington, D.C., law-enforcement bill, which provides for pretrial detention of criminals considered especially dangerous and allows police to enter residences without knocking in search of suspects. But that applies only to the nation's capital. Last week the other two bills advanced:

OMNIBUS CRIME CONTROL. This is the only measure aimed specifically at nationwide street crime. It would extend for another three years the Johnson Administration's Crime Control and Safe Streets Act, which authorizes the use of federal funds to train and equip state and local police agencies. Nixon had sought \$3 billion for the three years, compared to the \$331 million appropriated for the first two years. The House-passed bill, including Nixon's request, was approved by the Senate last week, 59 to 0. The Senate also tacked on other provisions that would permit FBI agents to investigate campus bombings, make it a federal crime to assassinate, assault or kidnap a member of Congress, and permit a death penalty for a fatal bombing or the assassination of a Congressman.

ORGANIZED CRIME. Passed by the House,



THURMOND & EASTLAND WITH TERRORIST WEAPON
Trying to avoid the label.

this measure varies only slightly from the earlier Senate version; it is aimed mainly at syndicates engaged in gambling, racketeering and vice. It provides some shortcuts for police and prosecutors hampered by recent judicial decisions. It broadens the investigatory powers of grand juries and limits the right of defense attorneys to demand disclosure of prosecution evidence on the grounds that it is gathered illegally.

As things stand now, there is a good chance that Nixon will be given all the basic anticrime legislation he wants—and perhaps more. The Senate Judiciary Committee is considering a bill that would make it a crime to “willfully advocate, abet, advise or teach the duty, necessity, desirability or propriety of overthrowing or destroying the Government of the United States or the government of any state.” Other proposals would provide for imprisonment of anyone who urges “the desirability or necessity of urban terrorism” or who belongs to an organization that does. Still another would make it a federal crime to kill a policeman, fireman or judge if the object was to attack a “symbol of the Establishment.” Among the key sponsors of the anti-terrorism bills are South Carolina Republican Strom Thurmond and Mississippi Democrat James Eastland.

Green Light. Whatever impact such legislation might have on politically inspired crime, the net effect of the bills on offenses that threaten the greatest number of citizens—mugging, robbery, burglary and rape—is likely to be modest. Most such felonies are beyond the reach of federal authority. The President's campaign pledges to combat street crime and the current Democratic devotion to law-and-order carry more of a political punch than a practical one. Even federal funds are relatively ineffective by the time they trickle down to local police departments.

Even so, anticrime bills are getting a green light, while other major legislation is in danger of being stopped by pressures of time and priorities in the final days of the current congressional session. The Administration's most significant domestic proposal, the Family Assistance Plan, suffered a severe setback last week when the Senate Finance Committee refused, 14 to 1, to recommend its passage.

Merry Christmas. Faced with a time-consuming filibuster, supporters of Electoral College reform gave up any hope of favorable Senate action on the House-passed Constitutional amendment in this session. Other major bills not acted on by the Senate include food-stamp reform, foreign trade restrictions, a Social Security raise tied to cost of living changes, and consumer protection. The relatively hawkish House renewed the defense appropriation bill only last week, cutting \$2 billion off the Administration's \$68.75 billion request—and more trouble is likely in the Senate. Appropriations are still pend-

ing for other departments as well.

To avoid charges of obstructionism, Democratic leaders decided to call a post-election session to tackle the unfinished business. After a one-month recess that begins this week, Congress will have its first lame-duck meeting since 1950; it promises to be chaotic. A White House official predicts that Democrats will vote large appropriations and challenge the President to veto them. Leaders of both parties expect difficulty in keeping a quorum on hand as Christmas vacations approach. Thus Republican Senate Leader Hugh Scott emerged from a joint House-Senate leadership meeting last week, smiled at Democrat John McCormack and said, not too cheerily: “Merry Christmas, Mr. Speaker.” Both leaders fear Congress could be in session right up until Christmas Eve.



KNIGHT AT DESK
Lib unto herself.

THE ADMINISTRATION Clash by Knight

For most of her life, Frances Knight has been a Women's Liberation movement unto herself. By 1955, she had battled her way up through the undergrowths of Washington's civil service to the directorship of the State Department's Passport Office. She rules that fiefdom with a combination of efficiency and truculent passion rare in any bureaucracy.

One of her most distinctive qualities is her relish for a good fight. A conservative with such influential friends as J. Edgar Hoover and Arkansas' Senator John McClellan, Frances Knight has left in her wake a trail of smoking Congressmen and State Department administrators. They call her the “ogress,” and it has been suggested that she used to leak State Department information to Sena-

tor Joe McCarthy—a charge she firmly denies. In her most celebrated battle, she faced down Abba Schwartz, the liberal head of the State Department's Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs. Schwartz, in an effort to ease political restrictions on the issuance of passports, tried to force her to resign. In the end, it was Schwartz who resigned from the department.

Christmas Tirade. The ash-blond, blue-eyed bureaucrat has found a new crusade. Having spent 15 years in her present civil service rank, G.S. 17, she has decided that she should be promoted to the highest grade, G.S. 18. Money is hardly the consideration, since the change would add only \$695 to her current salary of \$34,810. Besides, she is married to Millionaire Wayne Parrish, a former publisher. She says she would donate any salary increase to the Washington Animal Rescue League. “I'm fighting for a principle,” she says. “Not so much for what it will do for me, but for my staff and a lot of women in lower-level jobs.”

Charging the State Department with sex discrimination, Frances Knight has hired lawyers and threatens to file a grievance against Secretary of State William Rogers, take her case before the Civil Service Commission, and demand formal hearings. Among other things, she points out that the head of the Visa Office, an equivalent agency in the same bureau of the State Department, has a foreign-service grade corresponding to the top civil-service rank. That official, of course, is a man.

The promotion fight is merely one more front in Passport Director Knight's longer, wider war. A Christmas card she mailed out last winter was a two-page tirade against her Foggy Bottom enemies. There has been no Secretary of State of whom she has thoroughly approved since John Foster Dulles, who picked her for her present post. “The State Department,” she says, “is a cesspool of intrigue, political assassination and character assassination—it permeates the department.”

Miles to Go. Few doubt that Frances Knight has been an aggressive and effective head at Passport, which under her tenure has had to expand its business more than 300% to meet the growing demands of international travel. But her efforts to extend her domain further sometimes bring on un diplomatic responses from her superiors.

Deputy Under Secretary William Macomber says that the passport director's job is ninth on the list for upgrading; he has no intention of pushing it ahead of the others merely to escape the wrath of Frances Knight. “She attacks the department,” says another official, “and then wants to be promoted ahead of everyone else.” In any case, the State Department can look forward to five more years of her services. She has no intention of quitting before the mandatory retirement age of 70. “I still have a lot of mileage left in me,” she warns.

CIVIL RIGHTS The Compliance Gap

Depending upon the point of view, the civil rights legislation of the '60s was either the salvation or the ruin of American democracy. Fact is, the U.S. Civil Rights Commission charged in a report scheduled for release this week, the statutes have fulfilled neither prophecy. The Government has not enforced the laws vigorously enough to make them matter. Instead, it has been discriminatory business as usual for federal contractors and licensees.

In a 1,115-page study, the principal governmental watchdog body in the civil rights field concluded that 40 federal departments and agencies, regulating everything from housing to broadcasting, have been delinquent in pressing for an end to racial exclusion. So lackadaisical has been enforcement that such landmark bills as the Fair Housing Law of 1968 and the 1964 Civil Rights Act are practically null in some instances. The commission leveled particularly stiff criticism at agencies that regulate some of the country's largest industries, including the Federal Trade Commission, the Federal Communications Commission, the Civil Aeronautics Board and the Securities and Exchange Commission.

Poor Thing. Compliance has been hampered by understaffed enforcement offices scattered across the federal bureaucracy with no central, activist organization to coordinate legal penalties. "Equal employment opportunity in Government contract employment has not been achieved," the report said. "Sanctions rarely have been used, and the federal monitoring mechanisms have not proved effective."

The Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, the single umbrella agency empowered to deal with discrimination in hiring, is short on power as well as personnel. It is forced to play the passive role of "a poor, enfeebled thing." The EEOC has made little use of its "initiation capabilities," opting instead for processing individual complaints when they are received. The Civil Rights Commission recommended broadening the EEOC's policing role, allowing EEOC rulings to supplant Justice Department lawsuits in complaints about discrimination. The report also said that the Department of Housing and Urban Development has hardly begun to use the enforcement authority granted under the Fair Housing Law.

The commission was circumspect in assigning blame to high places. But it did point out that Congress has the responsibility for funding the EEOC adequately. Commission studies did not discern "any substantial period in the past when enforcement was at a uniformly high level of effectiveness." The Nixon Administration, despite promises to make existing laws work rather than seek new civil rights statutes, has not improved upon the record.

PROTEST

Explosive Words and Deeds

Within the space of five days last week, explosions toppled the statue of a policeman in Chicago's Haymarket Square, ripped apart a courtroom in San Rafael, Calif., a Reserve Officers Training Corps building on the University of Washington campus in Seattle, and damaged an armory in Santa Barbara, Calif. A fifth blast rocked a courthouse in New York City. The Weathermen immediately claimed responsibility for three of the blasts, and it appeared that their boasts were not idle. Equally chilling was the threat from the radical organization of more to come.

The warning of a new outbreak by the dynamite extremists came just a day after the dust from the first explosion at Haymarket Square had cleared. Youth International Party (Yipie) spokesmen in New York produced a tape recording, reportedly sent from Chicago, claiming that the Haymarket blast was the beginning of "a fall offensive of youth resistance that will spread from Santa Barbara to Boston, back to Kent and Kansas." The speaker was identified as Fugitive Bernadine Dohrn, 28, who is accused of unlawful flight to avoid prosecution for assault and participating in mob actions. She has been in hiding since last March. She admonished those who seek accommodation with society: "Don't be tricked by talk. Arm yourselves and shoot to live!" She called on American dissidents to emulate Palestinian commando terrorists. "Every



FUGITIVE DOHRN (1969)
Shoot to live.

militant woman," she said, "is a Leila Khaled."

Incredible New Breed. Three days later, the San Francisco *Examiner* and KCBS Radio received letters bragging about the San Rafael explosion. This same courthouse was the scene of the shootout in August between police and escaping San Quentin prisoners in which Judge Harold Haley, two convicts and 17-year-old Jonathon Jackson were killed. The notes dedicated the bombing to all political prisoners and to "an incredible new breed of freedom fighters, fighting where there is no place to hide." It was signed by "The Weathermen Underground," the same closing used on the Dohrn tape.

In New York, identification of the bombers was made by phone, as a self-proclaimed Weatherman called to alert both police and the New York *Daily News* to the impending explosion. The caller also implied that the bombing was in retaliation for the quashing of a prisoner takeover in an adjacent jail. The identity of the saboteurs in the other two explosions is not certain, but the tactics have all the earmarks of the Weathermen. In Seattle, as in New York and San Rafael, authorities were tipped off in advance of the bombings. The Santa Barbara arsenal serves as the staging point for the area's National Guard troops, the ones who frequently draw riot duty.

Since the Weathermen's Chicago Days of Rage in October 1969, few have failed to take the bomb-happy organization seriously. But the timing and breadth of the latest explosions lend an even more ominous tone to the desperate threats of Bernadine Dohrn's taped message. "It is our job to blast away the myths of the total superiority of the Man," she said. In pursuing that fantasy, the bombers are more likely to destroy whatever patience remains in a nation already too tense for its own good.



BOMBED HAYMARKET STATUE
Chilling threats of more to come.

NEW YORK Is the Rock Still Solid?

Twice the Democrats have tried to pick the lock that Nelson Rockefeller has on New York State's executive mansion, and on both occasions they failed even to get close to the door. This time they chose a man whose stature and credentials in other areas were without equal: Arthur Goldberg, former Supreme Court Justice, former Secretary of Labor, and former U.N. Ambassador. The prominence of the candidates matches the stakes in the race, which go beyond New York's borders and this year's election. Involved are control of the nation's second largest state, a crucial battleground for 1972's presidential election, and a test of ideological trends.

Last June, Goldberg may have seemed the perfect man to halt Rockefeller's march to a fourth term; he seems considerably less so in October. He has just barely managed to stay in close contention. He has been handicapped by factors he cannot alter: a shift to the right in voter sentiment and a personal campaign style that has changed in the course of four months from disastrous to mediocre. But if he does not excite the voters, he clearly gets their respect as he makes his rounds in three-button suit (all buttoned) and a flag pin in the lapel for 18 hours a day.

Court Nostalgia. Transportation, or the lack of it, is one of his big issues and he was giving it a ride on a Westchester commuter train last week in a way that showed both his weakness and his strength. With typical lack of finesse, he approached the riders from behind. But when he got turned around, he lingered for a responsive chat with some, pointing to a broken window ("That's a real danger") and low fences along the tracks ("My grandson could climb that fence"). One man wearing a Rockefeller button grasped Goldberg's hand and said: "You were a wonderful Supreme Court Justice. I wish you had stayed on the court," Goldberg responded: "Sometimes I wish I had too."

Goldberg's campaign handlers have wisely kept to a minimum his set speeches before large groups, where his pedantic delivery is at its worst. The candidate himself has learned to handle his handicap with humor. He describes a scene where he asks his wife if he really is as stuffy as pictured. She replies: "I don't think so, Mr. Justice."

Humor is only infrequently heard in his attack on the Rockefeller record. In person and in a series of TV and radio ads, Goldberg presses his message home, charging that the gap between Rockefeller's promises and performance makes his "credibility" a principal issue. The particular problem that has received the greatest attention from both men is one that preoccupies the voters: narcotics. New York City is the acknowledged heroin capital of the nation, and more of the city's teen-agers die from drug

abuse than from any other single cause.

"Rockefeller's narcotics program is scandalous," Goldberg says. He has promised to provide treatment within six months for every addict who wants it, and has even said he would walk ghetto streets himself to be sure heroin is no longer being openly sold. Rockefeller candidly admits the seriousness of the situation even while he emphasizes his efforts to alter it.

Almost everything Rockefeller calls a success, Goldberg calls a failure: the state's mammoth building program ("an edifice complex," Goldberg says, borrowing an old sally), environment protection, schools. One of his most ef-

—he'll do more." Both the money and the message show in his highly skillful, frequently shown television ads. One depicts a drug pusher behind bars, put there, the ad says, by Rockefeller. Another shows an audience falling asleep during a lecture on sewage treatment, making the point that the subject is not interesting, just important, and Rockefeller is taking care of it. Rockefeller will soon step up his TV campaign with an altered focus. Instead of defending his record, he will turn on Goldberg, comparing the former Justice's inexperience in state government with his own three terms in Albany.

One asset his money need not buy is



ROCKEFELLER RIDES

Pointing with pride and viewing with alarm.



GOLDBERG, PATERSON STROLL

fective TV spots is meant to capitalize on voter frustration over mass transportation. Goldberg does not appear in it at all. New York subway riders do, during a typical rush-hour crush, as a voice-over says that Rockefeller claims to have built enough highways to stretch from Albany to Hawaii. The camera dwells on one harassed passenger as the voice says: "But he doesn't want to go to Hawaii, just to the Bronx."

It has impact, but the impact is not felt as often as Goldberg would like. He says that his campaign budget is between \$1.5 and \$2,000,000, and that Rockefeller will spend ten times that. The Governor's camp dismisses the claim as "pure nonsense," contending that it will spend \$6,000,000 at most.

Whatever the amount, the Rockefeller campaign once again is evidence that he is willing to spend whatever it takes to spread his message: "He's done a lot

his brilliance as a campaigner. As he moves through a crowd slapping backs, pinching biceps, winking, remembering names, he goes with an aura of confident pleasure. He has spent many hours at beaches, plunging into waves and joining impromptu samba sessions. Goldberg has climbed a 42-ft. ladder to be photographed with construction workers; that is apparently as far as he will go in that kind of stumping.

Rule-Book Attack. It may be that part of Rockefeller's confidence comes from the near-flawless campaign machine that gets him to the right place at the right time. His daily schedule includes a notation on the staff's dress for the day. His advance men provide the hat and Rockefeller produces the rabbit: when he unexpectedly confronted a picket line of firemen recently, his aides produced a public-address system and Rockefeller, who did not cross

the line, made a speech that drew applause.

It is possible that neither Goldberg's rule-book attack nor Rockefeller's standard defense hold the key to the outcome. That may be in any one of several imponderables. Among them:

► The Governor is a liberal by G.O.P. standards, but this year he has moved to the right, promising more police on the streets and longer prison terms for campus bombers. The gambit is aimed primarily at winning over conservative Democrats, generally identified as Irish and Italian. But will he gain more than he loses among liberal voters?

► It was Rockefeller who got on the phone to Washington, without apparent success, when Vice President Spiro Agnew attacked Republican Senator Charles Goodell. What Rockefeller may fear is that Republicans who defect to Conservative Senate Candidate James Buckley may also vote for Dr. Paul Adams, running for Governor on the Conservative line. Four years ago, Adams got more than half a million votes.

► Rockefeller has normally done well with Jewish voters but he cannot hope to compete for that bloc successfully with Goldberg, who is Jewish. He is apparently trying, however. In a recent interview he traced his family tree and said, "My ancestors may have been Jewish. We're really not sure." Rockefeller has also done well in the past among black voters, but this time a highly regarded black state senator, Basil Paterson, is Goldberg's running mate.

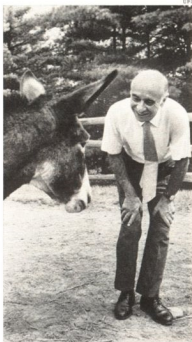
► Though it is difficult to relate directly to state policies, the economy may be a vital hidden issue. Goldberg has had to suffer the discomfort of having the state's A.F.L.-C.I.O. endorse the multimillionaire Rockefeller while rejecting a former union lawyer and Secretary of Labor. But Goldberg may wind up with the votes of many union members and other workers nevertheless. The General Motors strike has idled 17,000 in the state; on Long Island—a Rockefeller bastion in his first three races—unemployment is at 5.8%, the highest in New York.

Those are just some of the factors that are giving pause to political dopsters normally facile with predictions. As usual, Rockefeller, by design, started as the underdog. Now he is beginning to attack; it remains to be seen whether Goldberg has a campaign weapon he has kept hidden. He will need a big one to end Rockefeller's twelve-year reign in Albany.

Chasing a Future

The candidate is short, boyish despite graying sideburns, and dresses with dash. His hands constantly go to his receding hairline. As he steps away from the pulpit of a synagogue in Queens (because it is "too formal"), in order to address his audience from the aisle, he looks like a misplaced Johnny Carson.

Only rarely does Adam Walinsky pub-



LEFKOWITZ & OPPOSITION MASCOT
A genial institution.

licly display the toughness that won him the sobriquet "Adamant Adam" while he was Robert Kennedy's premier speechwriter. But when a drunk at a construction site baited the dovish Walinsky about his feelings for "the boys in Viet Nam," the questioner got a snarling reply: "They're too damn good to die there!"

Walinsky, 33, is a Yale Law School graduate who joined Kennedy at the Justice Department in 1963 and was trav-

eling with him when he was murdered. He does not flaunt the association, but he uses Kennedy-like gestures and even some phrases—"We can do better." He is the leader of several prominent Kennedy aides—both John's and Robert's—to try to capture elective office. Kenneth O'Donnell, Theodore Sorensen and Pierre Salinger have all been beaten badly at the polls.

Walinsky is running hard against New York State Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz, 66, an incumbent for 14 years and a genial New York Republican institution. The Walinsky campaign is energetic, relevant and heavily financed. He is spending between \$400,000 and \$500,000, roughly three times his opponent's budget. He spends himself just as lavishly. On one recent campaign day, he made half a dozen stops in the New York City area, flew into Buffalo at midnight and held a three-hour meeting before going to sleep.

Walinsky's staff suits his style and is patterned after the Kennedy retinues of his own days as an aide. Its members are young and idealistic, and dress around his headquarters ranges from vests to dungarees. His press secretary, Roz Mazer, is a 21-year-old senior on leave from Syracuse University. His campaign is being managed by Larry Kurlander, 31, who worked for Eugene McCarthy in 1968. The young staff has even younger helpers: teen-age drivers who do their daredevil best to keep Walinsky on schedule.

In his campaign, Walinsky is walking a political tightrope similar to that of Robert Kennedy in its simultaneous appeal to both liberals and conservative workmen. In so doing, he is going against the popular political dicta offered by Richard Scammon and Ben J. Wattenberg in their recent book *The*



WALINSKY ON WALKING TOUR IN NEW YORK
Betting today for tomorrow.

Real Majority (TIME, Aug. 31). One of their theses holds that American voters will accept only centrist candidates who are willing to acknowledge and condemn violent social unrest. Walinsky dismisses that argument. "This Scammon-Wattenberg middle is a lot of crap," he says. "You can appeal to differing sides of the spectrum."

His television ads, which get most of

his campaign money, do, however, reflect an appeal for an end to lawlessness, including white-collar crime. In one he declares: "In New York State tonight, 14-year-old children are going to shoot heroin into their veins . . . some men are going to come home from work, their lungs poisoned by chemicals . . . people are going to sit down and write out checks for padded bills. All

of these things are against the law."

Walinsky has little chance of defeating Lefkowitz, who won re-election in 1966 by more than a million votes. But while Walinsky is putting up his money now, he is really betting on the next race. His aim is to create a demand for his style when New York's talent-hungry Democrats again look for a candidate for higher office.

AMERICAN SCENE

Tell All the Gang on 42nd Street

She's an ugly cow, but she gives a lot of milk.

—Real estate broker describing New York's 42nd Street

THE cynical businessman was explaining why 42nd Street is difficult to clean up, much as it needs sanitizing. The analogy is apt for a cowpath that became one of the world's most famous streets. Forty-second was once the grandest lady of the theater. Florenz Ziegfeld produced his *Follies* at the New Amsterdam Theater. Gertrude Lawrence, Bea Lillie and Will Rogers were stars of the street, and at the Liberty Theater there was music by George Gershwin, danced to and sung by Fred Astaire. Now it is a center for pornography, perversion and prostitution.

The thoroughfare is alive virtually round the clock. Some moviehouses close their doors only four hours out of 24. Many of the sidewalk food stands never shut up shop, and the blocks on either side of Times Square offer a pungent cosmopolitan tour of cheap cookery—hot dogs, pizzas, pastrami, chow mein, hamburgers, tacos. Garish neon lights stare down on cameras, transistor radios and the other gadgetry that will soon be bought by gullible visitors or grace the lockers of soldiers and sailors who have been on leave in New York. Record stores blare their wares onto the street while teen-agers flip through album after album. Prostitutes, panhandlers, winos and pickpockets dot the sidewalks. One of New York's most intensive police patrols prods them from one end of Times Square to the other and back again. It is the street where every item is marked discount or clearance.

The worst bargain on the street represents a pillar of the neighborhood's economy: pornographic magazines—20 to 35 pages of sexually explicit pictures for \$3 and up—and high-priced peep shows, strip joints and "adult" movies. Fed by a clientele that includes hustlers, briefcase-carrying businessmen and tourists, the street is riding a sex boom strong enough to pay the rent on some of the city's most expensive real estate. As restrictions have relaxed, the pornography market has become more explicit and more selective. The owner of one of the street's nameless bookstores (titles and literary allu-

sions are for Greenwich Village) observes that two years ago customers paid little attention to the aesthetic quality of models. Now a Playmate standard has begun to assert itself in exotic literature. Most of the customers are men, with the big rush arriving just after business hours when homeward-bound commuters and tourists beginning a night on the town descend on the area. Those women who do come in are easily placed in one of two categories by the proprietors: European women peruse the shelves with little self-

the signs say, do not come to see a sex show; they come to find out how one is filmed. The M.C. circles a fake movie set with a home movie camera, occasionally stopping to bark directions. A young couple named Bunny and Claude are the new stars of the old theatrical district. Claude, 23, and Bunny, 19, perform eight shows a day at each of two "clubs." Their routine concerns a career girl who returns to her apartment to find a burglar. The masked robber forces her, at gunpoint, to strip, dance and finally make love to him. In mild observance of current laws—and the limits of Claude's endurance—the couple is prevented from actual copulation. Instead, they produce moans and vigorous motions.

"We consider this a legitimate form of contemporary burlesque," Claude says. "This thing is just a sexually influenced variety act that happens to be more permissive than a few years ago." Bunny says that their act "is good for the people and good for us. They're voyeurs and we're exhibitionists. It's symbiotic."

As Broadway has its off-Broadway, so 42nd Street has its more daring offshoot. On 24th Street, the Club Orgy presents a live show that includes sexual intercourse. Club Orgy has been raided 14 times during its 14-week life, but manages to reopen quickly, often within an hour, simply by temporarily removing the offending "playlet" from its line-up of four short sexual dramas.

Laws against obscene or pornographic books and shows are not as explicit as the materials they are meant to control. The porno entrepreneurs operate in a shadowland of complicated and slow judicial review that follows quick seizure and arrest by the police. A relaxation or—as the President's Commission on Pornography recommended—a complete abolition of laws restricting adult access to any pornographic materials, might well change 42nd Street dramatically. And the present proprietors are not sure that the change would be in their financial interests. As obvious and available as the smut is now, to make it even more accessible would drive down prices. More important, it would deprive customers of the sense of novelty and naughtiness that now spices the experience of browsing on 42nd Street.



CLUB ORGY PLAYLET

The off-Broadway of pornography.

consciousness; American women giggle and laugh.

Live entertainment is flourishing along with printed pornography. Awkward strippers and graceless dancers abound, and even the peep shows have their live counterpart. One club features a many-sided room with 25¢-a-peep slots where men stand for a few minutes viewing a nude model sprawled on a mechanically driven Lazy Susan. This year, simulated sex shows came to New York. Imported from the West Coast, performances in New York are presented in the guise of an educational experience. Patrons, so

THE WORLD

Latin America: The Shrinking Middle

I HAVE come to rule!" cried Bolivia's President Alfredo Ovando Candia last week after a 300-mile dash to his presidential palace in La Paz. While out of the capital opening a new railroad line in the provincial city of Santa Cruz, he got word that a right-wing military force led by his own army chief of staff had seized power, declaring that it would give Bolivians "the destiny they deserve." By the end of a wild week, both Ovando and the rival military men were out. In power, following a seriocomic sequence of coup and coun-

cline. No elections are in sight in Brazil or Argentina, and Peru's ruling junta suggests that it may take 30 years to accomplish the reforms it has in mind. Though Venezuela, Colombia and Costa Rica remain healthy, functioning democracies, Uruguay, the erstwhile "Switzerland of Latin America," is beset by a vicious brand of urban terrorism and worsening economic problems. In neighboring Chile, the Congress is preparing to vote into power the first freely elected Marxist government in world history (see cover story).

the center last week, and exposed on all sides. He and his rebellious right-wing army chief, General Rogelio Miranda, agreed to hold a "plebiscite" among younger officers to decide which man would be President. By an overwhelming vote of 317 to 40, the officers rejected both candidates. But when Ovando resigned "to avoid an armed clash," Miranda named a three-man junta, which promptly moved into the presidential palace and assumed power.

After meeting with Ovando, General Torres sped to a military base outside La



TORRES



BOLIVIAN FIGHTER BUZZING PRESIDENTIAL PALACE IN LA PAZ
More and more radical solutions in the search for effective answers.



OVANDO

tercoup, was Latin America's latest left-wing military regime.

For General Ovando, who seized power a year ago in a coup against a conservative civilian regime, the outcome was a reminder that there is scarcely a more vulnerable spot to be in Latin American politics today than the middle of the road. In their search for effective answers to their political problems, Latin American countries are turning more and more to radical solutions, both of the left and of the right. The polarization of the continent has picked up speed since the mid-1960s, first with the emergence of ultraconservative military regimes in Brazil and Argentina and, in 1968, with Peru's takeover by a leftist junta. The men in command may be soldiers or civilians, but they are almost uniformly authoritarian. At present, twelve of Latin America's 25 nations and over 62% of its 270 million people are ruled by far-right or far-left regimes.

There is every indication that their numbers will increase rather than de-

cline. Thus Bolivia's leftward tilt revealed to the world the accelerating momentum of a major trend in Latin America. A year ago, when he launched his government of "revolutionary nationalism," Ovando cast himself as a general of the left. He courted the same loose coalition of students, workers, and young, socially oriented military officers that Bolivia's flamboyant General René Barrientos had used as a power base during his regime. Ovando brought left-wing intellectuals into his Cabinet, expropriated the holdings of American-owned Bolivian Gulf Oil Co., and gave Communist labor leaders free reign in the troubled, underproductive tin mines. But after a few months, conservative businessmen and military hard-liners helped edge Ovando back toward the center, alienating many of his former supporters. He dropped the leftists in his Cabinet and ordered into retirement General Juan José Torres, his army chief of staff and liaison man with his left-wing support in the army.

Ovando thereupon found himself in

Paz and quickly rallied leftist support. When leftist air force pilots flying vintage Mustang fighters strafed the presidential palace—taking care to fire only into the air—it was all over. Miranda fled to asylum in the Paraguayan embassy, and Torres rode triumphantly into La Paz as the new President. His regime was the 186th in Bolivia's 145-year history.

Dark Shadow. What is little realized is the extent to which Latin Americans themselves approve radical approaches, despite such egregious failures as Castro's Cuba. Juan Bosch, the old democratic foe of Dictator Rafael Trujillo, nowadays says loftily that he is no longer interested in elections in the Dominican Republic but will accept a "dictatorship with popular backing." Says Uruguayan Christian Democratic Leader Juan Pablo Terra: "Traditional parties are not prepared to face today's problems. They work as a voting cooperative that is strong enough to gain power but not strong enough to govern."

What alternatives are there? In the

early 1960s, when Fidel Castro was beginning to cast a dark shadow over a continent still largely ruled by a feudal triad of the church, the oligarchy and the military, the Kennedy Administration put great stock in the ability of non-Communist parties of the "democratic left" to achieve rapid and radical political and social changes. Backed by U.S. Alliance for Progress aid, leaders like Venezuela's Rómulo Betancourt, Chile's Eduardo Frei Montalva and Peru's Fernando Belaúnde Terry scored notable successes in land reform, education and other areas. Opposition from Communists and conservatives alike, not to mention the hemisphere's inexorable 3% rate of population growth, guaranteed that too often their efforts would be too little and too late. But their programs are being copied closely by the

non-democratic self-styled "revolutionary" regimes in Peru and Bolivia.

Start Walking. Up to now, the "revolutionary" dictatorships of the left have been careful to avoid even the suggestion of kinship with the Communist world. "This is a nationalist, popular and Christian revolution," said Peru's President Juan Velasco Alvarado in a Lima speech marking the second anniversary of the military coup that toppled Belaúnde. "We are trying to find for the problems of Peru solutions derived from Peruvian reality." There is evidence too that the Soviets are being wary about writing mortgages on some of the new political experiments. One story has it that last fall, when Bolivia's Ovando seized power, a delegation of leftists journeyed to Buenos Aires to solicit Soviet aid from a senior Rus-

sian diplomat. The reply, perhaps apocryphal but entirely plausible, was: "Anyone who wants us to take on responsibility for Bolivia is an enemy of the Soviet Union."

The prospects are that Soviet diplomats will be seeing more such delegations in the future, particularly if Marxist Candidate Salvador Allende takes over in Chile. "The road—as the poet said—is made by walking," a leftist guerrilla noted in Uruguay last week. Chile and Bolivia, the guerrilla added, "will increase the number of walkers. Sooner or later they will harvest success or failure, but inevitably they will find the way toward power and revolution, and that's what really matters." That may not be what Latin America needs but for the next few years it is likely to be what it gets.

Chile: The Expanding Left

Yankee, Yankee, Yankee

Be careful, be careful

You are going to hear the complaints
Black eagle, you will fall.

The eagle is the U.S. The verse is part of a protest song that is popular in the cafés and boîtes of Santiago. In the dim light of those *peñas folklóricas*, as they are known, Chilean students representing every shade of the leftist spectrum—from Christian Democrat to anarchic urban terrorist—gather to sing their praise of Fidel Castro's Cuba and their passionate hatred of the local oligarchy and the U.S.

At first glance, the fierceness of Chilean leftist feeling against the U.S. seems strange indeed. Chile, after all, is more prosperous and more egalitarian than most of its neighbors. It is also the staunchest democracy in South America, undisturbed by *coups d'état* since 1932 and led for the past six years by the strenuously reformist government of President Eduardo Frei. Few countries in Latin America have appeared to be so devoted to the democratic process as this nation of 9,000,000. Even its geography helped by isolating it from its neighbors. Stretching more than 2,600 miles down the west coast of South America, Chile has the towering Andes to the east, the Pacific to the west, the parched and barren Atacama Desert to the north and, in the south, the craggy shores of Tierra del Fuego. Yet next week the Chilean Congress will confront a dilemma that no republican legislature has ever faced: whether or not to allow a freely elected Marxist to become President of the country. Dr. Salvador Allende Gossens, 62, head of a coalition of leftist, Socialist and Communist parties, was the front runner in last month's elections. If he is denied the presidency, his followers may well plunge the country into a murderous civil war. But if he is

acknowledged the winner, as seemed virtually certain last week, Chile may not have another free election for a long, long time.

Two months ago, the U.S. National Security Council received a report that if Allende won, a Communist takeover

would inevitably follow. With it would come a dismantling of the democratic electoral process. As a Western diplomat put it last week: "Chile is a victim of Communist Russian roulette. Democracy gave the Communists one chance at power every six years. Now they've

POSTER AT COMMUNIST PARTY HEADQUARTERS

CARL GOODMAN



won, and they'll never give democracy another chance."

Allende has categorically denied such charges, but there have already been some disquieting signs. Chile's Communist Party has 45,000 members and is one of the largest in Latin America; it is smaller but far better organized than Allende's own Socialists. Of the 8,000 Popular Front committees organized for the campaign, 80% were led by Communists; the number of committees has grown to 12,000 in the past four weeks. Apparently because he is afraid of the Communists' strength, Allende has so far denied the Communists any key posts on his government planning team. That, of course, could change after his formal election as President. Late last week, in any case, Allende offered a government post to Felipe Herrera, president of the Inter-American Development Bank and a respected hemisphere financial expert. Herrera was said to be ready to accept if he believed that Allende would follow an independent, nationalist line.

Political Indoctrination

There have been disturbing notes, however, in the past two weeks. Under new contracts with the Ministry of Public Health, medical interns are required to devote at least an hour a day to "lectures not related to their professional interests," which apparently means political indoctrination. The chief of a Communist-dominated printers' union has refused to help turn out some needed textbooks. "Why bother?" he asked. "There will be new ones after Nov. 4." Reports that Communist journalists were intimidating their non-Marxist colleagues have been denied, but there is no question that an astonishing amount of censorship is already being practiced by union members. At the opening session of a conference of Pacific powers in Viña del Mar, President Frei is said to have delivered a stinging rebuttal to a Marxist economist's interpretation of power in the Pacific. Despite the drama of the confrontation, the Frei speech was not reported in a single Chilean newspaper or radio-TV broadcast. Also unreported by the Chilean press these days are the arrivals of Soviet-bloc officials and technicians.

Fearful that a Marxist takeover is at hand, middle-class Chileans have begun withdrawing funds from banks at an alarming rate; in one week, the banks lost 920 million escudos and the savings and loan associations another 340 million—a total of \$87 million. The escudo dropped as low as 55 to the dollar on the Santiago black market (v. 14.5 at the legal rate). Almost 14,000 Chileans left the country during the first 24 days of September, causing long lines at passport offices and ticket counters; hundreds of others bought open one-way air tickets for themselves and their families to Buenos Aires, Miami or New York and tucked them away in bureau drawers, just in case.



Farmers delayed their spring planting. Consumers stopped buying. Sales of clothing dropped 30% in September, major appliances and furniture as much as 80%, automobiles 75%. Private construction trailed off to almost nothing. "The longer this goes on," said a foreign economist in Santiago, "the harder it is going to be to put the Chilean economy back on its feet." To reduce the money outflow, the government limited Chileans to one exit from the country per month except in special cases.

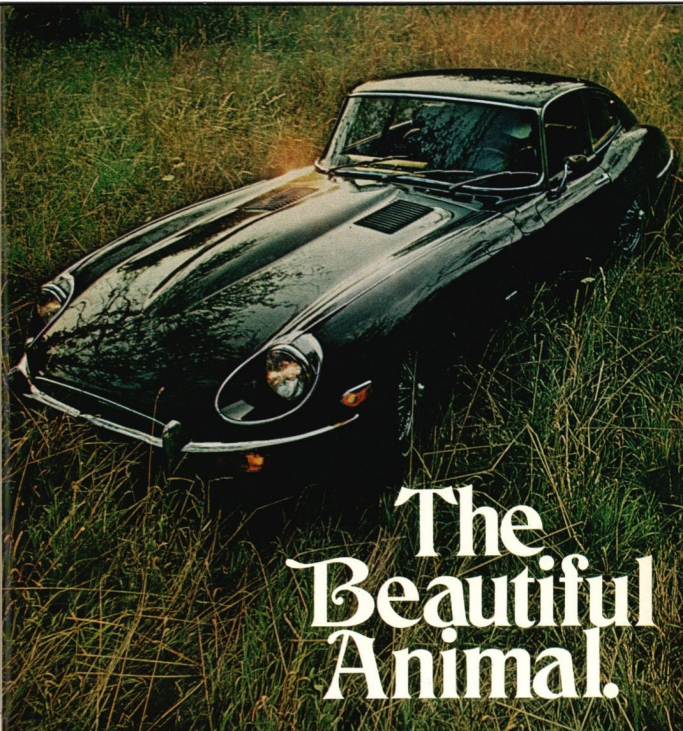
Pathetic Appeal

In the September presidential elections, Allende polled 36% of the vote, compared with 35% for former President Jorge Alessandri, 74, of the rightist National Party, and 28% for Radomiro Tomic, the nominee of President Frei's Christian Democratic Party. Since no candidate received a popular majority, the Congress is required to choose the new President from the two top vote-getters. Although it is not obliged to do so, the Congress has always selected the man who received the highest popular vote. Moreover, since Allende's Popular Unity coalition controls 88 seats in the 200-member Congress, he needs the support of only 13 Christian Democrats to win a majority.

Despite Allende's clear if narrow claim to victory, the two losing parties seemed at one point to be on the verge of snatching the presidency away from him. Alessandri, the right-wing runner-up, said that if he were elected President by the Congress, he would resign immediately, paving the way for new elections. The popular President Frei, legally barred from succeeding himself, would then be permitted to run. Although he would probably have won an absolute majority against any and all opponents, Frei did not support the plan publicly, possibly because he believed that it was merely a way of thwarting the constitutional process.

Then the Christian Democrats tried another tactic. In return for the united support of all 75 C.D.P. Congressmen in next week's balloting, they asked Allende, would he guarantee the survival of Chile's opposition political parties, free press, labor-union autonomy, and right of assembly? And would he relinquish his right to name the chiefs of the armed services and turn that prerogative over to the armed forces themselves, subject to congressional approval? It was a pathetic appeal. TIME Correspondent David Lee noted: "The governing party was beseeching the apparent President-elect for guarantees of the very freedoms that had allowed his victory to take place."

Allende replied briskly that such guarantees were unnecessary; his own "democratic attitude," he said, guaranteed "the future behavior of my government." As for relinquishing his right to appoint the chiefs of the armed services, he refused to consider the matter: "I am an intransigent defender of the pre-



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ZENITH

The quality goes in before the name goes on

rogatives of the chief of state." This time the Christian Democrats were ready to fight, and there were reports that President Frei's forces were trying to gain support for an alliance with Alessandri's National Party.

A Beautiful Experiment

Facing such a specific threat to their victory, the leaders of Allende's Popular Unity coalition conferred for 16 hours and agreed to meet with the Christian Democrats to consider a constitutional amendment incorporating all the C.D.P. demands except one rescinding the President's right to make military appointments. It was a thin concession on Allende's part, but it was enough to swing the C.D.P. In a session at week's end, the party agreed to support Allende unanimously. Barring an unlikely military coup or even more unlikely outside intervention, he will be inaugurated Chile's next President on Nov. 4.

At that time, the vital question will become what sort of Marxist President Allende will choose to be. The frightening fact is that Chileans have no



ALLENDE CAMPAIGNING

idea. "It could be a beautiful experiment in democracy," says a Santiago conservative, "or it could be a concentration camp."

Allende insists that he will work within the democratic system, as he has done all his life. He has no intention, he says, of trying to impose a monolithic Communist regime. "For you," he told the *New York Times* last week, "to be a Communist or a Socialist is to be totalitarian. For me, no. I believe man is freed when he has an economic position that guarantees him work, food, housing, health, rest and recreation. I am a founder of the Socialist Party, and I must tell you that I am not totalitarian, and I think Socialism frees man."

Fidel's Five Points

In a more poetic but even less revealing mood, Allende likes to say: "The Cuban revolution had the flavor of sugar and rum. The Chilean revolution will have the taste of meat pies and red wine." Not that Allende has anything against sugar and rum. Shortly after the election, he sent his daughter

The Fretful Neighbors

MORE than a few Latin Americans harbor the suspicion that Salvador Allende's presidency may be unexpectedly brief. A Mexican television worker described one popularly held belief last week: "If Allende chooses to be a thoroughgoing Socialist, the Chilean army will decide, with a big wink from the U.S., that its sacred duty is to oust the man." There is no doubt that Washington is deeply distressed by the prospect of a Communist Chile. Ranking Administration advisers predict that a Communist country on the South American mainland would have far more influence throughout the hemisphere than Castro's Communist island could ever hope to have. For all that, however, the U.S. is in no position to do anything about the Allende phenomenon—not even wink.

Direct intervention, on the order of the Dominican Republic operation of 1965, would seriously undermine the U.S.'s already low prestige in the hemisphere. In any case, it would probably be ruled out by geography. Santiago is 5,000 air miles from Washington; the country as a whole is cordoned off from the world by the Andes on one side and the Pacific on the other. Direct action is out, and the U.S. has little indirect leverage to apply. Cut off aid? This year's total, \$2,500,000 in loans, would scarcely be missed. Tighten the economic screws? Chile sells little of its copper in the U.S.: 90% of it goes to Japan and Western Europe. In the end, says Sol Linowitz, former U.S. ambassador to the Organization of American States, "the U.S. role in this entirely Chilean affair is to keep hands off—entirely." After all, Linowitz notes, "Chile is in this hemisphere, and we should be no more disturbed about Allende in Chile than about the military dictatorships of Argentina and Brazil. What kind of a double standard do we have?"

Some analysts predict, however, that if a Santiago-Havana Communist axis were to emerge by the 1972 elections, the Administration might well feel impelled to take action. But the question remains: what could it do? Chile's neighbors are facing the same puzzle:

ARGENTINA. Increasingly, the country's right-wing junta feels surrounded by sources of political contagion—the terrorist movement in Uruguay, the leftist military junta in Bolivia, and now a Communist threat on the other side of Argenti-

na's rugged Andean frontier. The Argentines have no plans to charge into Chile, but they are keeping in close touch with Peru's generals in an effort to make ready for anything. One military man in Buenos Aires predicts that clashes will break out on the Argentine-Chilean border within 15 months. A former Argentine foreign minister says that it is "absurd" to think that Allende will not attempt to "stir up subversion and revolution outside Chile." The near-panic in the Argentine junta is such that the generals are preparing a special amnesty which would allow Dictator Juan Perón to end his 15-year Madrid exile and return to Argentina. The generals' theory is that Catholic Peronismo, still strong among Argentina's working classes, would act as a buffer against atheistic Communism from Chile.

PERU. Like the Argentines, Peru's generals fully expect a Communist-dominated Chile to become a sanctuary for all manner of subversives. With an unimportant Communist movement at home and an easily patrolled 120-mile border with Chile, Junta President Juan Velasco Alvarado is less worried about Communist infiltration than the possibility that the Allende phenomenon could somehow taint his own leftist but determinedly non-Communist regime.

Velasco also frets that Moscow will bankroll Allende's army, forcing Peru into a costly and unwanted arms race. Above all, Velasco fears that Allende might pull Chile out of the Andean Group, a year-old five-nation trade organization on which Velasco pins his hopes for substantial economic progress. In such circumstances, Peru is unlikely to seek a struggle with the Allende regime.

BOLIVIA. At least seven Chileans were among a band of guerrillas crushed by government troops recently in jungles 160 miles northeast of La Paz. Nevertheless, Bolivians seem remarkably unconcerned by the prospects that their country's currently manageable guerrilla problems might well multiply after Allende takes power. Bolivia's new leftist junta expects to get along well with the Allende regime, and there is every chance that La Paz and Santiago will resume diplomatic relations, which were broken in 1967 over a border dispute. Over the long term, Bolivians are less concerned about Communism than the possibility that the Soviets will arm Chile, the U.S. will arm the Argentines, and Bolivia will be caught in an Andean version of the Middle East.

Beatriz to Havana to have a talk with his old friend Fidel Castro. Beatriz returned to Santiago with five bits of advice for her father from Fidel: 1) "Keep your copper exports within the dollar area." 2) "Don't let your Chilean copper-industry technicians get out of the country." (Otherwise they may escape to neighboring countries, where the pay or working conditions may be better.) 3) "Don't talk too much revolutionary rhetoric. You know you're a revolutionary and I know it, but don't shout it from the rooftops." (For this reason, said Fidel, he would not attend the Allende inauguration.) 4) "Don't break off relations with the U.S." 5) "Try to maintain good relations with the Chilean military."

Allende hardly needed the last piece of advice. He insists that he is on good terms with the highly professional, U.S.-equipped 60,000-man armed forces. Washington intelligence sources believe that he can gain effective control of the army within six months through appointment of sympathetic officers and forced retirement of potential opponents. In the meantime, however, he will be particularly vulnerable until he takes over the crack, 30,000-man *carabineros*, the national police force. Most observers are convinced that unless Allende moves too precipitously in his efforts to remake Chile, the armed forces will adhere to their historic role of non-intervention in politics.

Losing No Time

How fast will Allende move? Most observers think that he will lose no time nationalizing the banks and the American copper interests. A prime target is the \$200 million investment of the Anaconda Co. In the beginning, the firm resisted Frei's "Chileanization" program (51% government ownership) and has been slower than other copper companies to train Chileans for top jobs. Not far behind will be the Kennecott Copper Corp., with an \$80 million interest in El Teniente, the world's largest underground copper mine; Cerro Corp., with \$15 million in copper investments; and ITT, with \$200 million or more in the Chilean telephone system, a cable company and two Santiago hotels. Others are the Dow Chemical Co., Ford Motor Co., General Motors Corp., the General Tire and Rubber Co. and North American Rockwell Corp. The pace of Allende's actions will also depend on the state of the economy. "The more his back is to the wall," says one American economist, "the more likely he will be to move harshly and quickly." Few American managers expect to remain very long. Allende neatly summed up his attitude toward the U.S. during a recent interview; when he was asked whether he would allow Americans to continue running a space-tracking station on Chile's Easter Island in the Pacific, he said with a grin: "Goodbye and good luck."

Some foreigners argue that the Chileans will never be able to run the mines on their own, but copper men disagree. Says a U.S. executive: "We've spent 15 years and millions of dollars training them to run the copper mines. They can do it." The number of American personnel is small, in any case. Kennecott, for example, has only seven Americans in its management. The mining supervisor of the giant El Teniente is a 36-year-old Chilean named Pedro Campino. The Chileans are afraid, however, of losing their native managers and technicians to other countries, and hence Allende will pay careful heed to Castro's advice. Chilean technicians have the reputation of being the best in Latin America. Many who now receive U.S.-scale salaries may try to go else-

PAUL CONKLIN—FEE



CHILEAN FAMILY IN SLUMS
Promises of meat pies and wine.

where if, as is likely, an Allende austerity program should reduce salaries of the middle class by as much as 50%. And as Allende addresses himself to the cares of the laborers and *campesinos*, who are his chief supporters, middle-class privileges will inevitably be trimmed away.

During the campaign, Allende vowed that he would expropriate the country's leading newspaper, the conservative *El Mercurio*. Now it seems that he will not even have to bother. He can achieve the same result by withholding government advertising from *Mercurio* and other offending publications; as the nationalization program gathers momentum, such punishment will become ever more deadly. Says a Chilean associated with the paper: "*El Mercurio* is like a candle in a bottle. It will give light for a while, and then will be smothered, leaving only a little black smoke. How long it lasts de-

pends on how big a bottle the Communists permit."

In foreign policy, Allende will maintain close relations with the Soviet Union, and may well ask Moscow for substantial economic and financial assistance. In return, he may allow the Soviets to use the port of Valparaiso if they should decide to move into the Pacific, as they have moved into the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean. On the other hand, such a gesture could prove so unsettling to either Argentina or Brazil that Allende might decide it was not worth the risk. Chile will not become a guerrilla base, but it will probably serve quietly as a haven for the Tupamaros of Uruguay and the *guerrilleros* of Bolivia.

Some foreigners in Santiago have

made much of the fact that 63% of the Chilean electorate voted against Allende in the recent election. It is equally true, however, that a combined total of 64% voted for Allende and Tomic, who stood well to the left of Frei and whose platform was all but indistinguishable from the Marxists' by the end of the campaign.

Mushroom Cities

Frei, an eloquent 59-year-old, was deeply stung by the way Tomic, his party's candidate, turned against him. Frei had reason to be, for his record was an excellent one, even though his progress was hindered by a series of floods, a major earthquake and a long drought. Besides Chileanizing the copper industry, he expropriated 1,224 private estates and distributed the land to 30,000 families. He built 260,000 new housing units and tripled the number of schools in order to educate 600,000

more children. He gradually improved and even removed some of the *callampas*, the mushroom cities of cardboard and packing-crate shacks and huts that blight the edges of Santiago and other urban areas. In 1965, Frei's first full year in office, 25% of the national wealth was held by 5% of the population, and 2.5% by the poorest 20%. Today the slice controlled by the richest 5% has been reduced to 20%, and the amount owned by the poor 20% has been increased to 5%.

Swapping Watches

Such statistics show clearly the direction in which Chile was moving through taxation and land reform. But judging from the election, progress was not rapid enough for the demands of

Opponents criticize Frei for pledging that he would build 360,000 new housing units and then falling short by 100,000. Similarly, although he succeeded in relocating 30,000 families on plots of land, he had promised to move 100,000 of the country's 350,000 landless rural families. Frei was also attacked for using army troops to break a 1966 copper strike that left eight dead, and for adopting a *mano dura* (hard hand) in his dealings with organized labor. Though Fidel Castro would seem to be in no position to talk, he said of Frei after the 1966 strike: "He promised revolution without blood and has given blood without revolution."

Allende, who is promising revolution and really seems to mean it, was born 62 years ago in Valparaiso, the earthy,

Allende later married her. (Radomiro Tomic, the defeated Christian Democratic candidate, met his future wife during the same earthquake.)

As a Senator and Socialist Party leader, Allende became a friend of Fidel Castro, and still proudly wears a wristwatch that used to belong to the Cuban. As Allende tells the story, Fidel kept eyeing the Chilean's gold alarm watch, and finally suggested that they swap watches. "No deal," said Allende. "Yours is silver and mine is gold." But Castro insisted and Allende relented. Later, Fidel's brother Raúl asked Allende: "Why did you give Fidel that watch? He spent the entire Cabinet meeting playing with the alarm. Nobody could get any work done with the buzzer going off every few minutes."

In the early days, Allende's enemies labeled him *El Pije* (the Dandy), a reference to his stylish dress; his friends call him *Chicho*, an affectionate nickname. Today Allende dresses nattily but comfortably; he shocked his more elegant colleagues by showing up in a dark suit at a formal reception for Queen Elizabeth in 1968. He works long hours, tries to keep in shape by lifting weights, but rarely sleeps more than five hours a night. "I really don't work," he claims. "Working for the people is a pleasure."

Sheer Confusion

Despite his folksy, country-doctor looks and his man-of-the-people air, Allende occasionally betrays a penchant for stiff party jargon. In Santiago's right-wing political weekly *Pec*, a cartoonist last week captured the flavor of the Allendista phraseology in a strip showing a small boy rushing up to his father and shouting "Papa!" "What's this 'Papa' business?" his father scolds him. "You're supposed to say 'camarada'!" "Yes, *camarada*." "That's better." "Mama says—" the boy begins again. "What you mean is 'la *compañera*'!" "La *compañera* says that the baby—" "You mean 'the future of Chile'!" the father interrupts once more. Anyway, the boy finally concludes: "La *compañera* says that the future of Chile just dirtied its diapers."

Allende was defeated for the presidency three times, although he increased his vote from 6% in 1952 to 39% in 1964, when Eduardo Frei won an absolute majority. "This time," said Allende a few months ago, "I'm going to ask that they put on my tombstone, 'Here lies Salvador Allende, future President of Chile.'" Such a gesture will be unnecessary. Allende won by putting together a broader coalition of leftist parties than any other candidate had managed since 1938. He also benefited from the Chilean electorate's gradual polarization into a broad left and a shrinking right.

The victory caught even Allende by surprise. In the 1964 election, he made meticulous preparations for taking over the government. He organized a



AFFLUENT FAMILY AT HOME
Fears about sugar and rum.

the age. A large percentage of Chile's people still live in rural and urban poverty. Hundreds of thousands remain in *callampas* and in *conventillos*, barracks-like structures or old mansions in which one or two families are cramped into a single room. Some 200,000 people live in and around the mushroom city of La Victoria, which has not a single telephone. More than half of Chile's children are undernourished, Allende notes, and half of the country's families live on less than \$30 a month. Unemployment stands at about 7%, and underemployment is far higher. Despite all efforts to control it, Chile's inflation continues at the rate of 25% to 30% per year. Whether directly related to economic factors or not, alcoholism remains a tragic aspect of life in Chile, which has a thriving wine industry; 5% of all Chileans above the age of 15 are alcoholics, and 1 adult in every 10 dies of cirrhosis.

exotic port city that Chilean Poet Pablo Neruda describes as a "filthy rose." Allende's father was a lawyer and his grandfather, a high-ranking Freemason, was a founder of the Radical Party and was known as "the Red Allende." As a student activist who helped to organize the Socialist Party in 1933, Salvador Allende was imprisoned twice but managed to graduate from medical school. Although many potential employers regarded him as a troublemaker, he finally found a job as a coroner's assistant. After two years of medical practice, he was elected a federal Deputy at the age of 29. He supported Aguirre Cerda for the presidency and was later rewarded by being appointed Minister of Public Health.

During the 1939 earthquake, he ran into an old friend in a Santiago street and was introduced to the friend's date, a University of Chile history and geography student named Hortensia Bussi.

Cabinet, made tentative appointments to other posts and gathered a well-disciplined cadre around him. This time, he was hopeful but did not really expect to win. He made no plans, and the result is sheer confusion. At the Allende home, swarms of beseeching office- and favor-seekers come and go, while a handful of lieutenants try vainly to sort out what should be done with whom. The tiny living room is constantly jammed, alive with a buzz of political speculation. In a way, Allende's home has become a microcosm of Chile itself—filled with people who mill about, talking nothing but politics, speculating on the road ahead.

The Allende victory has left the Chilean people as divided as they are bewildered. Many are delirious with joy. A young Chilean sought out TIME Correspondent Kay Huff in Santiago to say: "Please tell the people the truth about Chile. Please let them know that this is the only way for Chile." That same night, about 100 women gathered in Constitution Square, facing the Presidential Palace, to sing the national anthem and chant, "Chile sí, Cuba no."

Deep Apprehension

Beyond Chile's borders, Nov. 4 is anticipated with considerable apprehension (see box p. 29). Nor are the country's immediate neighbors the only ones concerned. Convinced that Allende will establish some form of Communist government, the Nixon Administration is fearful that this could have a contagious effect on other South American countries. The Administration is also sensitive to the fact that the rise of a Chilean Communist regime could become an issue in the 1972 U.S. presidential campaign.

Still, some U.S. experts on Latin America urge that the U.S. not prejudice Allende or his government. They note that the Chileans, who are mostly descended from Europeans and do not have the sizable Indian minority that poses problems for most neighboring countries, have long lived in relative isolation in a land whose north and south are as different from each other as Saudi Arabia and Finland. Despite the inevitable drift toward the left under Allende, they believe that the Chileans will retain a system that is essentially their own.

Former U.S. Ambassador to Chile Ralph Dungan insists that Allende means it when he says he is committed to constitutional rule. Dungan dismisses talk of a chain reaction throughout the region as "ill-informed nonsense. Foreigners and especially the U.S. should adopt an attitude of studied neutrality toward South America and let them work things out for themselves."

For the moment, at any rate, the U.S. and its neighbors in Latin America have little choice but to wait and see exactly what Salvador Allende has in mind when he talks about a revolution that tastes of meat pies and red wine.

MIDDLE EAST

Swift Succession

Egypt's constitution allowed up to 60 days for the country to select a successor to President Gamal Abdel Nasser. Only nine days were needed. Last week, in Cairo's Victorian National Assembly building, 353 members of the Assembly formally selected Vice President Anwar Sadat as the new leader of the country. This week the populace will vote in a yes-or-no national referendum. The outcome is so certain that preparations are already under way for Sadat's inauguration two days later.

Egypt's leaders had sound reasons for their haste in selecting a new President. At a crucial time in the country's history, no one in the government wants to present a picture of indecision. Moreover, Sadat and other leaders were under considerable pressure from the Soviet Union to present an appearance of peaceful succession. Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin, who rushed to Cairo within a day after Nasser's death, held three lengthy meetings with Sadat, former Prime Minister Ali Sabry and War Minister Mohammed Fawzi. Repeatedly, Kosygin stressed the need for "unity and continuity," and suggested that a collective leadership might be the answer, as it was for Russia after Stalin's death and after Khrushchev's downfall.

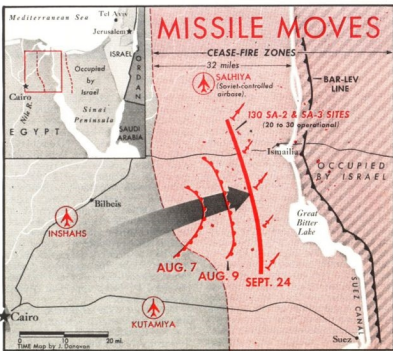
Soviet Diagnosis. Anxious to protect their huge investment in arms and influence in Egypt, the Russians have been prepared for some time to cope with a new leadership. Hassanein Heikal, *Al Ahram* editor and Minister of Guidance, revealed in his newspaper last week that Nasser twice had thought



SADAT
Power to be shared.

about resigning because he was in increasing pain from diabetes, circulatory ailments and heart disease. No one knew this better than the Russians; it was their doctors who had been treating Nasser for his various disorders and who undoubtedly passed on their clinical charts to the members of the Politburo.

If the Russians had a specific choice for successor, it was more likely Sabry than Sadat. Former secretary-general of the Arab Socialist Union, Egypt's only political party, Sabry was the most pro-Soviet of all of Nasser's advisers. But he was a difficult choice to put over. Not only is his health almost as bad as Nasser's was—he has a heart condition—but his personality is about as



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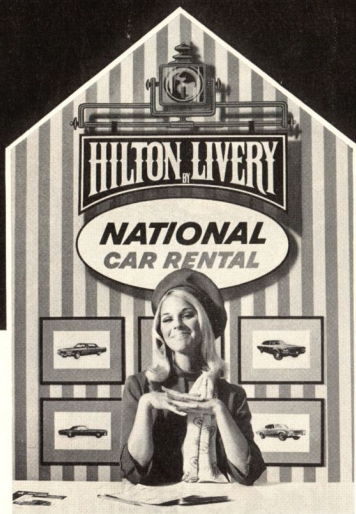
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—from the tough new
generation of Generals.

drab as Sadat's. Nevertheless, Sadat is likely to share considerable power with Sabry and Interior Minister and former Chief of Intelligence Shaarawi Gomaa, who has emerged as a strong contender for leadership. To see that this trioka continues Nasser's policy of close relations with the Kremlin, Moscow last week announced the appointment of Deputy Foreign Minister Vladimir M. Vinogradov, 49, as ambassador to Cairo. Vinogradov was an impressive replacement for the late ambassador, Sergei A. Vinogradov (no kin), who before his death two months ago was a kind of proconsul overseeing the 12,000 to 15,000 Russians in Egypt.

The first order of business for Sadat is setting up the priorities for his new government. He has a choice of renewing the shooting war with Israel, which has lapsed since a 90-day U.S.-initiated cease-fire went into effect in August, or carrying on temporarily a war of words. Foreign Minister Mahmoud Riad gave some indication of which way Cairo might go when he launched an unusually vituperative attack on U.S. imperialism. When Washington, in a new protest against the movement of Soviet-built missiles toward the Suez Canal, announced that the U.S. was withdrawing from the non-ambassadorial sessions of the Four-Power Middle East talks in New York until there was some "rectification" of the moves, Riad said: "Egypt will not withdraw a single missile from the Suez Canal."

Egypt maintains that the SA-2 and SA-3 ground-to-air missiles were already in the cease-fire zone when the truce took effect and are now merely being moved about to prevent a pre-emptive Israeli strike. But both Israeli and U.S. reconnaissance indicate that the operational missiles are steadily being pushed closer and closer to the Suez Canal; they are now as close as twelve miles (see map). Approximately 20 to 30 sites are operational, and another 100 ready for more missiles, although some of these may have been dug merely to be filled in again in a future demonstration of good faith. There are also ten dummy batteries of missiles that are moved to confuse the Israelis.

Buoyant Feeling. Israel manifests alarm over the movements because the missiles can now reach over Israeli-held territory. Last week Jerusalem made its 21st and 22nd complaint about the violations to the United Nations, charging that the Egyptians had been digging additional sites even during Nasser's funeral. To counter the missiles, Israeli troops are busily reinforcing their defense line on the eastern side of the canal, an activity that is also a violation of the standstill agreement.

Apart from missile nervousness, however, the Israelis have been greatly buoyed by the uncertainty prevailing in Egypt in the wake of Nasser's death, and by the turmoil created in Jordan as a result of the army-guerrilla civil

war. The two events take much of the pressure off Israel's defense positions for the time being. To further enhance its security, however, Israel has been using the grace period to shore up its other borders. A new road has been bulldozed from the Judean foothills along the length of the western Dead Sea bank, enabling Israeli patrols to spot fedayeen moving over the water by boat from Jordan. Another road has been blasted out on the rocky slopes of Mount Hermon overlooking Lebanon. The road will permit the Israelis to supervise a section of Lebanese frontier they call Falahland because it contains so many guerrillas.

Rifles Within Reach. Israel felt confident enough last week to relax for the first time in many months. Defense Minister Moshe Dayan, who said recently that the war may be entering its final phase, left his office, picked up a shovel and went off to follow his favorite pastime of archaeological digging. Chief of Staff Haim Bar-Lev joined 22,000 other fans at a soccer game in Tel Aviv, and Jack Benny appeared in a semiserious concert with the Israeli Philharmonic. At week's end the nation halted all activity for Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement. Just before the holiday, Bar-Lev spoke on the effects of the crises in Egypt and Jordan: "It is possible that these factors will prepare the Arab states for a peaceful settlement with Israel. But it is also possible that the Arab states will continue to follow the war path they have followed for over 20 years." Premier Golda Meir, in similar fashion, cautioned that "the war is not yet over." Troops in forward positions needed no reminder. Many marked the Day of Atonement with prayer books in their hands but with their rifles in easy reach.

TASS-SOVIET

DIPLOMACY

A Question of Intentions

From thick forests and plains deep in Prussia to the fog-shrouded Baltic coast, the Warsaw Pact last week began the most massive military maneuvers in its history. A total of 100,000 men drawn from all seven member nations were being deployed under Russian command, in an exercise code-named "Brotherhood in Arms." At the same time, NATO started its biggest war games of the year, also involving 100,000 men, in the eastern Mediterranean area. Code-named "Deep Express," they involve air, land and sea forces from eight Western nations.

Both maneuvers have been long scheduled. But the importance and publicity given them pointed up a troubling trend of stress between the U.S. and the Soviet Union. Behind the trend are two basic elements: Russia's vigorous activity in the Middle East, the Indian Ocean and the Caribbean, and a growing conviction in the White House that Moscow is deliberately testing President Nixon's—and the nation's—mettle. In the Administration's view, the Kremlin is probing everywhere, seeing how far it can get at a moment when the U.S. is intent on drastically reducing its commitments abroad.

Soviet Complicity. U.S. concern began to mount when the Soviets simply ignored U.S. and Israeli outcries over violations of the Suez Canal cease-fire. Then last week Moscow vitriolically denied its role in any violation and accused the U.S. of "unscrupulous distortion of the facts." Secretary of State William Rogers in a press conference expressed strong "disappointment" with Moscow's role in the standstill breach. In unusually blunt terms, he said the



POMPIDOU (AT RIGHT) WITH SOVIET PRESIDENT PODGORNÝ IN MOSCOW
Seeking to rebuild the bridge.

Soviets' behavior has raised "some very serious questions about their intentions," and accused Russia of resuming cold war stridency.

Washington believes, moreover, that last month's Syrian invasion of Jordan occurred with Moscow's prior knowledge. Apparently, the U.S. and Israel were prepared to intervene directly when Russia pressed Damascus to withdraw. Two weeks ago, Soviet air controllers in East Germany attempted to close down temporarily two of the three Western air corridors to West Berlin. Besides, East German police repeatedly held up traffic last week along the main West Germany-West Berlin autobahn.

Concerned that Moscow may have been emboldened by his "low posture," Nixon has been going out of his way to pronounce his determination to use U.S. power, where and when necessary. That was his message throughout his European trip, particularly on his visit to the Mediterranean-based Sixth Fleet. And Washington's recent full-scale resumption of arms aid to Greece was prompted by a determination to shore up NATO's southern flank against Russian pressures.

What confuses the current situation is that some positive elements are present. Last week, after months of stagnation, there were slight signs of movement in the talks between the U.S., Britain, France and Russia on Berlin. Next month the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks will resume; in addition, Russian and U.S. space experts will soon begin consultation on cooperative rescue procedures for disabled spacecraft.

Shrouded by Tensions. It was against this mixed background that French President Georges Pompidou began his first state visit to Russia since succeeding Charles de Gaulle. Pompidou was seeking to revive France's Gaullist-inspired role as a bridge between the superpowers. With his Chanel-clad wife, Pompidou was lodged in the Kremlin, a state-visit honor bestowed in recent years only on De Gaulle in 1966. Pompidou was also the second Westerner to be given a tour of Russia's secret Baikour space center. De Gaulle having been the first. In his talks, Pompidou stressed that France belongs to the Western alliance, while he cautiously supported Russia's proposal for a European security conference to formalize Europe's postwar borders. Washington sees the conference primarily as a Russian move to squeeze the U.S. out of Europe.

This week, when Rogers and Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko meet at the United Nations in the first high-level U.S.-Soviet talks since the Middle East crises, their discussions may be clouded by tensions created as a result of recent Soviet actions. Though White House policymakers are pessimistic about the chance of a sudden warm-up, they insist that the U.S. will pursue the search for accommodations where possible. The alternative, as Rogers put it last week, is a "no-policy."

A Prize and a Dilemma

ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN refused to believe it. Even though his friends told him last week that he had won the Nobel Prize for Literature, Russia's greatest living writer, whose works are banned in the Soviet Union, remained incredulous. The friends, who normally shield his whereabouts carefully from outsiders, finally told a Norwegian correspondent in Moscow how he could reach Solzhenitsyn by telephone. Per Egil Hegge of Oslo's *Aftenposten* immediately called him to confirm the news. Then Hegge asked the author for a comment.

At first Solzhenitsyn demurred, but the reporter persisted. "The world is interested in your reaction," Hegge said. Finally, Solzhenitsyn agreed to draft a statement, which he then read to Hegge. "I accept the prize," said Solzhenitsyn. "As far as it will depend on me, I intend to receive the prize in person on the traditional day." To make sure no one could say that he was too ill to travel, Solzhenitsyn added: "I am in good health."

Ominous Outlook. In granting the award, the Swedish Academy may well have set in motion a showdown that will pit the Soviet regime of Leonid Brezhnev and Aleksei Kosygin against a lone and indomitable man who has become a hero of Russia's growing dissident movement and a symbol to those of his countrymen who yearn for greater artistic freedom. Even as Solzhenitsyn, 51, and his wife Natalya celebrated the award with friends at a party outside Moscow in the little wooden dacha of Cellist Mstislav Rostropovich, hard-lining Soviet literary bureaucrats were preparing an attack on him. Under the heading "An Unseemly Game," the Soviet Writers' Union, which reflects the Kremlin's views, issued a statement that denounced the award as deplorable and stated that Solzhenitsyn's works gave Western reactionaries ammunition for criticizing the Soviet Union.

So far, the start of the attack is frighteningly similar to the one in 1958, when Boris Pasternak was ultimately forced to reject the prize and in the later stages was reviled by party-lining writers as, among other things, "a pig who fouled the spot where he ate." The Solzhenitsyn affair, however, is potentially far more serious. Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago* was less a political novel than a lyrically philosophical view of the effects of the Revolution on the lives of people. By contrast, Solzhenitsyn's main works (*One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, *Cancer Ward*, *The First Circle*) are explicit descriptions of the day-by-day degradation that some 16 million Russians unjustly underwent in prisons and concentration camps during Stalin's regime. His books indirectly

raise the question of the complicity of Russia's present rulers in the old tyrant's crimes.

Pasternak was ultimately cowed not so much by threats against him as by those against his great love Olga Ivinskaya, who was the model for Lara. He feared that she would be without protection if he left Russia, and those fears were borne out when she was imprisoned after his death. Solzhenitsyn, who served eight years in Stalin's prison camps, is unlikely to break in the face of threats to himself or his relations. "No one can block the road to truth," he has said. "In order to ad-

GLADCOV-TRANSWORLD



SOLZHENITSYN

A lone and indomitable man.

vance it, I am willing to accept even death."

Three Alternatives. The Nobel Prize presents the Kremlin with an extremely complex dilemma. Solzhenitsyn has already been expelled from the Writers' Union, denounced as a malicious slanderer, and told to go live in the West. Never having been abroad and deeply rooted to Russia, he vehemently rejects that suggestion. "All my life is here, my homeland," he says. "I listen only to its sadness." Thus he would probably insist on an official public guarantee of being readmitted to Russia if he were allowed to leave to accept the prize. As Time Contributing Editor Patricia Blake cabled from London, where she interviewed leading British Sovietologists, the Kremlin has three basic alternatives for dealing with Solzhenitsyn:

► It can permit Solzhenitsyn to go to Stockholm on Dec. 10 to accept the prize, which includes a \$79,000 award. This would cause the least furor and would win Moscow good will abroad. But at home, where dissent in intel-

FRANCE

Third Person Singular

Roaring down the Paris-Strasbourg highway two weeks ago, a 22-ton truck overturned and boxloads of books covered in blue imitation leather were scattered all over the road. Despite that slip-up, the secret of the book was kept intact. Last week, when it was released well ahead of schedule, and without the usual publicity buildup, all France was surprised. One critic compared its impact to that of "a 75-ton meteorite," which, as it happens, is just about the weight of the 250,000-copy first edition of *Memoirs of Hope: The Renewal*, the first of three volumes of Charles de Gaulle's postwar reminiscences.

Written after his withdrawal from



CHARLES DE GAULLE (1961)
At his infuriating best.

the presidency, the 308-page volume traces the period from 1958, when De Gaulle emerged from retirement, to 1962. In three days, the entire first edition was gone at \$5 a copy.

The book is De Gaulle at his infuriating best. It overflows with the lofty certitude and self-confidence of a man who, without embarrassment, can refer to himself repeatedly in the third person. Of the 1958 Algiers uprising that brought him to power, he writes: "No one really doubted that the situation could have any other conclusion than De Gaulle." Describing the assassination attempt on him in August 1962, he notes: "Of the 150-odd bullets aimed at us, 14 strike our vehicle. Yet—none of us is hit. May De Gaulle therefore go on pursuing his road and his vocation!"

What may surprise many readers is that De Gaulle is almost as kind to his contemporaries.

ON DWIGHT EISENHOWER: "Doubtless he shares the somewhat elementary conviction animating the American people that the primordial mission of the United States derives from a decree from

heaven, and its preponderance is a matter of right. But the President is not vain nor his manner intransigent. He is a man of lofty conscience, determined to judge only on the basis of facts and to decide only upon the advice of qualified people."

ON RICHARD NIXON (after a 1960 meeting): "In his rather strange post as Vice President, I find in him one of those outspoken and strong persons on whom one feels one could count in serious matters if one day he acquired a position of first rank."

ON JOHN F. KENNEDY: "Without the crime which killed him, he would have had the time to mark his era . . . A man whose value, age and just ambition endowed him with vast hopes." On Viet Nam, he warned the young President: "The more you involve yourself there against Communism, the more the Communists will appear like champions of national independence. . . . Step by step you will get bogged down in a bottomless military and political slough."

ON KHRUSHCHEV: "During a walk in the park we go aboard a boat. Khrushchev shouts, 'Kosygin, your turn to row, as usual!' I ask the Soviet Premier, 'But when do you work? You are constantly traveling or granting long interviews. What time do you have left for studying your dossiers?' Khrushchev replied: 'But I don't work. A Central Committee decree prescribes that after 65—I am 66 years old—one works only six hours a day four days a week. That is just enough for my trips and my audiences. They don't need me. The 'plan' has settled things in advance.' Then, pointing to Kosygin rowing, 'Le plan, c'est lui!'"

ON DAVID BEN-GURION: "The existence of Israel seems justified to me, [but] I feel Israel must show great caution toward the Arabs." Advising Ben-Gurion against expanding Israel's territory at Arab expense, he says: "Do not exaggerate! Subdue your pride, which, as Aeschylus says, is the son of happiness and devours his father."

Glaring Omission. For all the insights and meticulous exposition, there is one striking omission. There is almost no reference to President Georges Pompidou, De Gaulle's principal aide during the period covered by the book and his Premier for six years. Some cynics suspect, in fact, that De Gaulle deliberately rushed publication (the book was scheduled to appear two days before his 80th birthday on Nov. 22) primarily to steal headlines from Pompidou, who was visiting Moscow. He succeeded. The biggest story in France was not Pompidou's tour but De Gaulle's book. There is, however, at least one consolation for Pompidou. Awaiting him when he returns to the Elysée Palace this week will be a specially printed copy of De Gaulle's new volume bearing the phrase, "Especially printed for . . ." Only 16 others are in existence, directed to such luminaries as Pope Paul, Mamie Eisenhower, Queen Elizabeth and Nikita Khrushchev.

lectual and scientific circles has grown rapidly during the past three or four years, the decision might encourage others to test the resolve of the Soviet leaders.

► It can expel him from the Soviet Union on the grounds that he and Western imperialists are engaged in an anti-Soviet conspiracy. Such action would provoke an intense outcry within the Soviet Union as well as in the U.S. and Western Europe. Moreover, Solzhenitsyn is so famous and outspoken that his statements as an exile might be extremely damaging to Soviet prestige.

► It can refuse him the right to leave while intensifying a campaign of harassment and public denunciation that could conceivably end in his arrest and trial. For the past three years, the KGB (secret police) has been constructing a case against Solzhenitsyn by selling his manuscripts abroad, along with fake authorizations from him for their publication. As a result, the KGB could now try to present fabricated evidence that Solzhenitsyn has, in the words of Article 70 of the Russian Republic's criminal code, "willfully disseminated anti-Soviet literature." The maximum penalty: seven years' imprisonment. Perhaps significantly, the Writers' Union statement charged that Solzhenitsyn's works "were illegally taken abroad and used by Western reactionary forces for anti-Soviet aims."

The KGB campaign is one reason Solzhenitsyn is so wary of talking with Western journalists. He lives in seclusion with friends in little dachas near Moscow or in his own small house near the village of Nafrominsk southwest of the capital. He has recovered from the tumor described in *Cancer Ward*, but retains an almost peasant-like distrust of modern medicine. Solzhenitsyn, who writes steadily for as many as 16 hours a day, is now working on a novel about World War I.

Indispensable Tradition. The Swedish Academy cited Solzhenitsyn for "the ethical force with which he has pursued the indispensable traditions of Russian literature." In a country where church, judiciary and other institutions have often proved unable to restrain the power of either czar or commissar, the writer has emerged as the last authoritative voice of conscience. Tolstoy protected peasants against religious persecution, and Pushkin nurtured democratic ideals that inspired the 1825 Decembrist uprising. Gorky sought to restrain the more brutal urges of the Bolsheviks, and Pasternak remained a symbol of moral values. Solzhenitsyn is aware of the power—and perils—of the writer's role. "For a country to have a great writer is like having another government," says one of the prisoners in *The First Circle*. "That is why no regime has ever loved great writers, only minor ones."

CAMBODIA

Birth of a Republic

To a mixed chorus of reverberating Buddhist gongs and an authoritative 101-gun artillery salute, one of the oldest monarchies on earth was pronounced dead last week. In ceremonies before a joint session of the Cambodian Parliament, the President of Cambodia's National Assembly declared: "I, In Tam, officially proclaim the Khmer republic. Our country is indivisible." The fabled Khmer empire—begun in 802, conqueror of much of Southeast Asia a millennium ago, creator of the glories of Angkor Wat—was no more. In the newly named Place de la République near the former Royal Palace, Premier Lon Nol raised the banner of the new republic: a square blue flag with a smaller red square in the upper left-hand corner overlaid with the three main towers of Angkor; in the right corner were three stars symbolizing honor and progress, Buddhism and the republic.

In Peking, exiled Head of State Norodom Sihanouk, a prince of the Khmer line who abdicated the throne in 1955 to get closer to his people, declared the republic a "monstrous swindle."

Growing Support. It was only a few days after Sihanouk was deposed last March that those Cambodians who had long wanted to replace the monarchy with a republic began implementing their plans. Pictures of Sihanouk's mother, Queen Kossamak, a nonruling monarch but a symbol of royal permanence, were quickly stripped from government buildings. Pictures of Sihanouk were defaced or destroyed. When Lon Nol's government polled Cambodians on whether the monarchy should be abolished and replaced with a republic, the answer was reported to be an overwhelming yes. For all that, Lon Nol felt that the time was not right.

It was no accident that he changed his mind last week, roughly six months since the chaotic days following Sihanouk's ouster and the subsequent American-South Vietnamese invasion Cambodia is hardly a model of stability and permanence today, and martial law still prevails. But Lon Nol seems to have impressed many of his countrymen with his honesty and courage. Deputy Premier Sisowath Sirik Matak has won respect as a shrewd and sophisticated politician, and the government is no longer seen as a here-today, gone-tomorrow proposition. Particularly noteworthy is the support it enjoys among Cambodia's embryonic professional and middle classes, and among the country's students.

A further indicator that the regime may outlast pessimists' predictions is the army, which has grown from 35,000 to 140,000 men. It is still a ragtag force, ill equipped with a bewildering array of Communist and American weapons. But, as it demonstrated in its recent relief of Kompong Thom and its stand at Taing Kau, the army is ca-

pable of slugging it out with the North Vietnamese and the Viet Cong.

The army's first real test came at Kompong Thom, where about 1,000 men broke a three-month siege in early September. The Communists slipped away and moved down Route Six, a crucially important supply line in the north. Encouraged by their success at Kompong Thom, the Cambodians went after the enemy. After a two-week battle, Cambodian troops entered Taing Kau, much of which had been reduced with the help of air strikes to rubble. After the initial battle, one of the 36 women volunteers involved in the action reported: "I'm very happy that it's over." Actually, it was not. A large North Vietnamese force massed last week to renew the fight.

Real Shortages. Military problems are not the only ones plaguing Lon Nol, but they rate high on his list. Last



Lon Nol at Republic Day ceremonies

To a chorus of guns and gongs.

week, for example, the Communists held sway over at least half of the country. The economy is almost as worrying. The inflation rate is currently at least 20%. An expected 50% reduction in rice and rubber exports has helped to drain foreign reserves. The price of rice is rapidly rising, and the next harvest is expected to be 35% lower. The flight of Vietnamese refugees has cost Cambodia its professional fishermen, cutting down the amount of fish available. "Real shortages will begin to develop in the next few months," said a Western diplomat. "I'm just not sure how the government is going to deal with the problem." Though the U.S. has pitched in with \$49,000,000 in aid this year, more is likely to be needed.

But those were problems to be coped with later. Last week the first order of business was three days of feasting and dancing to celebrate the end of a kingdom and the birth of a republic.

CANADA

Lives in the Balance

At 8:15 one morning last week, two men rang the doorbell at the fashionable Montreal home of James R. ("Jasper") Cross, who directs the British trade office in Quebec. "A present for Mr. Cross," said one of the men, displaying a gaily wrapped package. Since her employer had celebrated his 49th birthday only six days earlier, the Portuguese maid unchained the door. With that, one of the men whipped out a revolver and the other pulled an M-1 rifle out of the package.

The men rushed upstairs and surprised Cross, who was dressing; his wife Barbara was still in bed. After identifying themselves as members of the Quebec Liberation Front, a small terrorist outfit, the men handcuffed Cross and hustled him into a waiting taxi.

Extended Deadline. Hours after Cross was abducted, an anonymous telephone tip led police to an eight-page message calling for the release from Quebec jails of 23 political prisoners. The Front demanded that the freed prisoners be flown in a Canadian plane either to Cuba or Algeria, and that a "voluntary tax" of \$500,000 in gold bullion be delivered to the aircraft in nine Brink's armored trucks as ransom. Otherwise, the terrorists vowed, they "would not hesitate to get rid of" the Irish-born British official within 48 hours.

The kidnapers espouse a cause that has inspired Quebecers ever since General Wolfe's redcoats defeated Montcalm's French army on the Plains of Abraham in 1759 and imposed British rule. In last April's provincial elections, René Lévesque's *Parti Québécois*, which demands an independent Quebec free of political ties to Canada, won 24% of the vote. But while most separatists seek their goals by peaceable means, a number seek to turn their fight for French separatism into full-scale urban guerrilla war. The Liberation Front, which probably numbers no more than 100 hard-core activists, is by far the most radical of the fringe groups.

Quebec officials rejected the Front's demands. In Ottawa, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau said: "It's difficult with a man's life in the balance. But you cannot permit a minority to impose its will by violence on the majority."

A Question of Dollars. A succession of communiqués ensued. In the next four days, the Front issued six declarations, which progressively extended the deadline and softened the demands. The Front dropped its ransom demand but stuck to its insistence that political prisoners be released and flown to Cuba or Algeria, and that police activity stop. At week's end, the government announced that it still would not meet the Front's demands. Within minutes, the terrorists retaliated by kidnaping Quebec Labor Minister Pierre Laporte, who is one of the ruling Liberal Party's chief provincial leaders.

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Plymouth



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**Coming
Through.**

PEOPLE



RONALD REAGAN & FRIENDS
One-liners from old-timers.

All of the faces in the line-up were familiar, but two seemed strangely out of place. Democratic Rooters **Frank Sinatra** and **Dean Martin** joined oldtime Republicans **Bob Hope** and **John Wayne** in a \$125-a-head fund-raiser on behalf of California Governor **Ronald Reagan's** campaign for re-election. Before 900 appreciative guests, Sinatra and Martin sang and made themselves available as targets for one-liners in which Sinatra's difficulties with the law seemed to figure prominently. "Ronnie is thrilled to have Frank in his camp," said Hope, "but he wishes they'd stop calling him the Godfather." Martin explained that "Sinatra's had a tough time. He was unwanted as a child and now he's wanted in five states." Sinatra: "I've performed, I think, in most of the countries I'm allowed to go to."

"Three hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets," said Napoleon. "Politicians and political types invariably regard the press as an implacable enemy." **President Johnson's** onetime press secretary, **George E. Reedy**, told an audience of Princeton University students last week. A U.S. President "tends to view attacks upon himself as attacks upon the country," said Reedy. "L.B.J. could pull out a mental file drawer in which he had catalogued every major sin by anyone who had ever held a pencil."

At a meeting of the Washington chapter of the Society for the Further Respectability of Burlesque, Veteran Ecdysiast **Ann Corio** turned up in laced brown leather boots, which she said were her tribute to the woodsmen of the world and (because they zipped up the back) the zipper industry. "I always feel I've failed the zipper industry," said Miss Corio. "I use hooks and eyes on all my garments because the move-

ment to unhook them is both quicker and more graceful than the long, often erratic gesture of zipping. Early in my stripping career, a zipper failed to unzip, quite ruining a performance attended by three members of the Supreme Court."

Pretty and petite as ever, Actress **Audrey Hepburn**, 41, is putting everything she has into her current role: doctor's wife. She was married in 1969 to an Italian psychiatrist, **Andrea Dotti**, 32, and now lives in Rome. Last week she admitted to an interviewer that she often joins her husband for dinner at the hospital when he has to work late, and that her traveling these days is mostly limited to medical conventions. "If I could have a part in a film to be made on the street in front of my house and I could come home for lunch, I might accept it," says Signora Dotti. "I don't want to be tossed around the world any more or be a prisoner in a movie studio when my husband comes home."

After 26 years as Boston's archbishop, ailing **Richard Cardinal Cushing**, 75, was helped up the steps of Holy Cross Cathedral for the two-hour ceremonial installation of his successor, **Archbishop Humberto S. Medeiros**. In what he called "a kind of farewell" to his flock of 1,900,000, the cardinal acknowledged that he had "never dreamed that God in his providence would allow me the privilege of presiding at the installation of my successor. I consider it a special sign of his goodness that he spared me to this day."

Success, anyone? Herewith a few million dollars worth of advice from no less an expert than **Aristotle Onassis**. Don't worry about your physical shortcomings ("I am no Greek god"), he told the highly motivated readers of a magazine

called *Success Unlimited*. Don't get too much sleep and don't tell anybody your troubles. Appearances count: get a sun lamp to keep you looking as though you have just come back from somewhere expensive; maintain an elegant address even if you have to live in the attic; patronize posh watering places even if you have to nurse your drinks. Never niggle when short of cash. "Borrow big, but always repay promptly."

An interview with White House Chef **Henry Haller** appears in the current *Washingtonian* magazine with lines drawn through certain sentences (still clearly legible) that White House staffers found objectionable. It was not censorship they wanted, the aides explained. They just did not think that the U.S. public needed to know that **President Nixon** mixed himself a martini every night before dinner, that the **Nixons** love meat loaf and hate calf's liver, that **Pat Nixon** "at times appears to lack a good appetite" and that she was in the White House eleven months before she visited the chefs in the kitchen.

The bridegroom wore hair and maroon velvet, the bride wore flowers and white satin when **Michael Wilding**, 17, son of Actress **Elizabeth Taylor** and her second husband, Actor **Michael Wilding**, married **Beth Clutter**, 19. Outside London's Caxton Hall Registry, a crowd of 500 gathered to goggle at the groom's mum (in white wool pants and a rink-sized diamond) and her husband, **Richard Burton** (in business suit and a new slim, "off-the-sauce" look). No wedding reception, no honeymoon. "Too old-fashioned," explained a p.r. man. "These are a couple of mod kids."

LONDON DAILY EXPRESS



MICHAEL & BRIDE
Ever so mod.

THE LAW

Decisions

► Last spring the University of Minnesota's chief librarian thought he had found just the man to head the cataloging division at the school's St. Paul campus. James McConnell, 28, who held a master's degree in library science, duly accepted the \$11,000-a-year job. Unfortunately for him, the university soon discovered that McConnell was a militant homosexual. After McConnell and his new male roommate applied for a marriage license, the university's regents refused to confirm his appointment. McConnell sued the regents, claiming denial of his constitutional rights. Last month U.S. District Judge Philip Neville ordered the university to hire McConnell. Unless it is proved that he has committed illegal sex acts or that his homosexuality impairs his job efficiency, said Neville, "the homosexual is as much entitled to the protection and benefits of the laws as are others."

► David Stein, 35, is a highly skilled British forger of post-impressionist paintings. After a London gallery exhibited his fakes—billed the show as "Master Forger David Stein Presents Braque, Klee, Miró, Chagall, Matisse, Picasso"—a Manhattan gallery eagerly tried to follow suit. New York State's attorney general took the gallery to court, contending that the paintings would be a public nuisance. But New York Supreme Court Justice Arnold Fein sided with Stein and the gallery. Since Stein signed his name to the paintings and gave fair notice that the works were "in the style of" the great masters, the judge found no illegal conduct. Fein even intimated that art buyers could do worse than collect the forger's paintings. "His work in perfecting the style of the masters," said Fein, "may properly be ascribed to that special talent with which true artists are uniquely endowed."

► To curb auto thefts, the New York legislature passed a law forbidding motorists to leave keys in the ignition locks of unattended cars. As a result, Chester Gorski of Rome, N.Y., has been ordered to pay \$33,862 in damages because his stolen car was involved in a fatal collision. The plaintiff, whose wife was killed in the crash, had a persuasive witness—the car thief. Donald Smith, 18, who is now in jail as a youthful offender, testified that he downed 18 beers at a firemen's carnival, jumped into Gorski's car, found the key dangling from the ignition lock, and sped off at 70 m.p.h. Gorski insisted that he had hidden the key in his glove compartment, but the jury believed the car thief. Gorski's lawyer, Edward Tyler, will appeal the verdict. "The real question is how much a person can be expected to foresee," says Tyler. "I don't think my client's actions are a proximate cause of the death, because there is an intervening factor—a criminal act."

Rampage in New York

This is Mayor Lindsay speaking to the men on the Tombs' eleventh floor. I will meet personally with your representatives immediately upon the release by you, unharmed, of all of the hostages.

In that dramatic radio appeal last week, New York City's John Lindsay dickered for the lives of 17 hostages seized by incensed prisoners at the infamous Tombs, known officially as the Manhattan House of Detention for Men. Two and a half hours later, the hostages walked out unharmed and Lindsay walked in to fulfill his part of the bargain. For three hours he listened to a litany of old but urgent complaints: high bail, long

delays before trial, and inhuman living conditions in New York's jails.

The worst jail crisis in the city's history began at lunchtime four days earlier at the 95-year-old Branch Queens House of Detention for Men. Inmates snatched keys from unarmed guards and made a frantic dash through the halls, unlocking cells all the way. The rioters turned on faucets to flood several floors, set fire to furniture and bedding, heaved debris and an eight-foot wooden bench out of broken cell windows. In a new political twist, they also hung the flag of the black liberation movement from a top-floor window. Over the next three days, more riots flared at other city jails, including the Tombs. In all, more than 2,500 inmates joined the rampage and seized 32 hostages—all for the sake of airing their grievances.

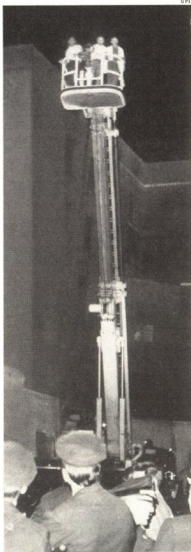
Recipe for Anarchy. The trouble was that not much had changed since a similar outbreak at the Tombs last August. Prisoners were still crammed into jails operating at 183% above capacity. Charges of guard brutality, racism and bad food persisted. Worst of all, the vast majority were subject to such conditions without ever being convicted of a crime.

The real villain is New York City's appalling inefficient court system. In California, the law requires a trial within 60 days after arrest. In New York, defendants awaiting trial may languish in jail for months because the courts are so congested and the law sets no time limit. The congestion is partly due to aggressive defense attorneys, armed with recent U.S. Supreme Court decisions expanding the rights of defendants, who slow the process with pretrial motions on behalf of their clients. Still, there is no excuse for cases like that of one inmate: charged with murder, he has been in jail for three years—still unconvicted. As for bail, many criminal defendants are either jobless or skirting the edges of poverty. At their income level, \$500 bail might just as well be \$500,000.

Last week every public official seemed to have a pat answer, notably more money for bigger and better jails. But in New York City the first priority should be a speedy court system, with more judges, trained administrators and computerized calendar control. Beyond that, New York is only the latest flash point of a nationwide revolt against "correction" systems that are basically relics of 18th century penology. Without reforms, the U.S. will increasingly confront anarchy inside the prison walls—and outside on the streets.

Counsel for the G.I. Defense

Shortly before midnight last April 30th, a vicious fight broke out at a party in a hooch at Phan Rang airbase in South Viet Nam. Staff Sergeant James Bush, a hulking 225-pounder, resolved a disagreement over a Vietnamese prostitute by choking a 20-year-old draftee until he foamed at the mouth. Several soldiers pulled Bush away from the pri-



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World Car Guide

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vate, who ran off into the night. Within the hour, an M-14 bullet slammed through Bush's rib cage and killed him.

The draftee, Private First Class Tyrone Peterson of Birmingham, Ala., was arrested. No one had seen the murderer; Peterson's fingerprints did not appear on the weapon. But according to witnesses, he had threatened to kill the sergeant and tried to borrow a loaded carbine shortly after the fight at the party.

Was this enough to charge Peterson with premeditated murder? No, said the Army's investigating officer. But he was overruled by superiors who indicated that the death penalty would be asked. It was another example of why critics fault U.S. military justice for "command influence." Despite recent reforms, a convening authority can still order trial, appoint members of the court, prosecutor and military defense lawyer.

Right-On Lawyer. As it turned out, Peterson was no routine defendant. He knew that the Uniform Code of Military Justice guarantees a right to civilian counsel. Furthermore, his relatives got help from a new private organization: the Lawyers Military Defense Committee, which is sponsored by such legal notables as former U.S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark. The committee was about to open a Saigon office to provide free civilian counsel for U.S. servicemen in Viet Nam, and Peterson was a natural first client.

William Homans Jr. was sent to Viet Nam two months ago to defend Pfc. Peterson. In Boston, Homans is known as a "right-on lawyer"—he defends blacks, war protesters and poor people. But in Viet Nam, the huge, jocular attorney was too wise to come on as an overweight William Kunstler. He made sure that all the military people knew he was a World War II Navy veteran; he affected a when-in-Rome costume of field boots and green fatigues with his name sewed on the shirt pocket. And he did not advertise that he had defended Michael Ferber at the Dr. Spock trial.

Homans' defense—aided by Peterson's Army lawyer, Captain Royce Lamberth—was exactly what his client hoped for, and the L.M.D.C. expected. Respectful but never inhibited in court, Homans put the prosecution witnesses through an uncompromising interrogation. Their stories became confused, and Peterson was acquitted of all charges.

Potential Clients. The Army has promised its cooperation and has informed L.M.D.C. Director Henry Aronson, who is scheduled to arrive in Saigon this week, that the military will follow his activities "with interest." That is an understatement. A former civil rights lawyer for the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense Fund, Aronson suggests that the L.M.D.C. may defend not only soldiers facing routine criminal charges but also those who buck military authority in exercising their constitutional rights. Among potential clients: frontline soldiers who question the legality of a superior's order.

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SCIENCE

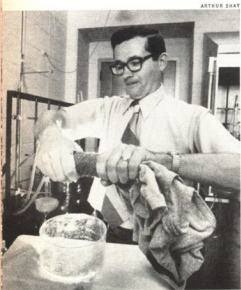
Doubts about Polywater

As he often does on an easy afternoon, Bell Labs Chemist Dennis Rousseau drove to some nearby handball courts last June and played a vigorous game. But this time his purpose was strictly scientific. After returning to work, Rousseau wrung out his sweaty T shirt, collected the perspiration in a flask, evaporated it to a gummy residue, and then carefully analyzed it with an infra-red spectrometer. He found exactly what he was looking for: his sweat exhibited spectral characteristics similar to those of the mysterious and highly controversial substance called polywater.

Ever since it was reported by a Russian chemist named Boris Deryagin in 1962, polywater, or polymerized water,* has been the subject of torrid scientific debate. Deryagin and his supporters in the West contend that it is a totally new kind of water, a form so stable that it does not boil under 1,000° F., does not evaporate, and only begins to freeze at -40° F. One American scientist has even speculated that the strange, sticky substance would, if released from the lab, propagate itself by feeding on natural water, eventually turning the earth into another Venus (TIME, Dec. 19). Other scientists, however, have found all such claims hard to swallow.

Clinging Salts. Rousseau, 29, was one of the skeptics. But it was not until he read a recent article about polywater in the Soviet scientific journal *Khimiya i Zhizn* (Chemistry and Life) that he got the idea for his simple test.

* So called because its molecules are believed to be linked in a chemical chain, or polymer.



DAVIS COLLECTING PERSPIRATION
Test by T shirt.

Challenged by critics to let impartial scientists analyze his polywater, Deryagin had turned over 25 tiny samples of the substance to investigators of the Soviet Academy of Sciences' Institute of Chemical Physics. The results, which were published in the journal, showed that Deryagin's polywater was badly contaminated by organic compounds, including lipids and phospholipids, which are ingredients of human perspiration.

Vodka Glass. How could so skilled a chemist have allowed sweat to contaminate his equipment? The explanation is simple, says Purdue University Chemist Robert Davis, who collaborated with Rousseau and confirmed his conclusions with other analytic techniques. Every person is surrounded by an invisible cloud of organic salts that have evaporated from the skin and been expelled from the lungs; these tiny pollutants may well be absorbed by the porous glass of laboratory beakers and flasks. Thus polywater—which is made by letting steam condense inside hair-thin glass tubes—could pick up impurities even in the hands of the most cautious chemist. In fact, investigators who have tried to make polywater in polyethylene plastic tubes have invariably failed, Davis notes, because polyethylene is nonporous and cannot trap particles.

Deryagin himself remains unbowed. At a recent polywater conference at Lehigh University, he acknowledged that his original specimens may have contained impurities, but insisted that polywater continues to exhibit its strange properties after the contaminants have been removed. Deryagin and his supporters will have a hard time proving their case until more polywater exists. Currently, the total amount available from all the world's labs would hardly fill a vodka glass. Davis, for one, doubts whether anyone should sweat over the problem any longer. "American scientists have been wasting their time studying this subject," he wrote in *Chemical & Engineering News*, "unless, of course, it can be defined as a topic of water pollution and waste disposal."

Coffee Nerves in Brazil

Of the 375 diseases that can afflict the coffee tree, the most devastating is caused by a yellow-orange fungus called *Hemileia vastatrix*. In the late 19th century, when it ravaged the coffee plantations of Ceylon and India, the fungus helped change Britain into a nation of tea drinkers. Now it has invaded the New World, spreading rapidly through a Texas-sized area of southeastern Brazil and threatening 2 billion plants that yield a third of the world's coffee.

H. vastatrix's deadly advance has given growers throughout Latin America a bad case of coffee nerves. Once the microscopic spores of the fungus settle on a susceptible plant, they send thin, tubular filaments into the leaf. These cause



SPRAYING DISEASED PLANTS IN BRAZIL
Hitchhiking by almost any conveyance.

structural damage and also release a toxin that disrupts the life-giving process of photosynthesis. As the sickly patches spread, other leaves catch the infection, and within a year or two the entire plant dies.

The disease is almost impossible to contain. The minute spores are tough, long-lived and prolific: each tiny fungus spot on the leaf may produce 50,000 new spores. They can hitchhike easily by almost any conveyance: insects, birds, even raindrops. U.S. Plant Pathologist Frederick Wellman suspects that the spores may be carried all the way across the Atlantic by storms that form off Africa, where the rust has been a problem for many years. Airborne spores have been found 2,000 feet above infected plants. Man himself is probably a carrier. A heavy outbreak in the Brazilian state of Bahia in 1967 may have begun when African delegates to an international cocoa conference inadvertently imported spores on their clothing.

Scientists seeking ways to fight the disease are now experimenting with fungicides derived from petroleum. Other fungicides, containing copper-sulfate solution, have already been used successfully in Africa, but they are usually too costly for the small grower. There is an added expense: because the fungus clings to the undersides of the leaves, safe from aerial attacks, the spraying must be done by hand.

The best cure may be not chemical but genetic. The Brazilian government has stocked a 25-acre test plot with new varieties of coffee plants, hoping to find some that will be more resistant to the fungus than *Coffea arabica*, the most popular type grown in Brazil. Unfortunately, researchers have not yet perfected a variety that combines disease resistance with good taste. So far, says Wellman, "the coffee that the fungus loves best is also the one we like best."

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MODERN LIVING

The Elevation of Soda Pop

Winemanship has long held the status of an art in Europe, and when fine French and German wines began flowing across the Atlantic, the expertise came too. Vines, vineyards and vintages were soberly debated. Wine-tasting sessions became social events and the sniffy phrases of oenology became part of the language. Even plebeian beer has long since acquired its own stout band of connoisseurs. By contrast, little attention has been paid to the fine points of enjoying America's own proud indigenous beverage—ubiquitous, multi-

MICHELLE VIGORE



SHORRIS DINING OUT

Orange Crush is good with goose.

flavored, effervescent soda pop. To remedy that omission, California Novelist Earl Shorris (*Boots of the Virgin*) has set down some obiter dicta in San Francisco's *Sunday Examiner* & *Chronicle*. Tongue firmly in cheek, he sounds a clarion call to those who prefer pop to other drinks but feel that it is socially unacceptable. "Drink what you like," he advises. "Don't be discouraged from indulging your personal preferences by snobbish glances or sly asides."

Pleasing Egg Cream. Shorris, who is passionate for pop, obviously has spent long hours practicing what he preaches. He has elevated the previously ignored and mundane act of soft-drink selection into a fine art. With hors d'oeuvres, for example, he advises Squirrel, or a dry cola like Royal Crown; with oysters, Bitter Lemon. "Any white soda pop," he suggests, goes well with chicken. Orange Crush, on the other hand, is "particularly nice with duck or goose." Red meat, of course, demands either Coca-Cola or Pepsi-Cola. Dr. Pepper is splendid with game. A celery tonic or chocolate phosphate complements corned beef and pastrami, although "for the adventurous, an egg

cream may be most pleasing." With cheese, almost anything goes, and for fruit and nuts, root beer is "almost perfect."

Shorris is inflexible on only one point: "Don't serve colas or other dark sodas with fish. The flavor of fish tends to sour them on the palate." Instead, he counsels, try ginger ale, Seven-Up or any other lemon-lime-base beverage.

There are other soft-drink subtleties to be mastered. Bottles, Shorris urges, must be opened at the table just before their contents are consumed (decanting is "unnecessary and even harmful to the beverage"). He acknowledges that neophyte pop enthusiasts prefer their drinks chilled to the freezing point, yet notes that "serious drinkers prefer their soda pop cold in the mouth, but not ice cold." He advises devotees to avoid smoking while sampling, but admits that a mellow root beer enhances the flavor of a good cigar. "To see the delicacy of a light, joyous celery tonic smothered by a cloud of gray smoke," Shorris laments, "is depressing to even the most casual connoisseur."

Respectable Drinking. Tasting the soft-drink *sommelier's* offering is best done in three stages: "First, take a small sip into the mouth and hold it there; second, move the soda pop about in the mouth, letting it stream backward over the palate; third, swallow slowly, to feel the flavor all the way down the gullet." Shorris anticipates that as pop drinking becomes more respectable, serious tasting sessions will be scheduled, much like those in the world of wine. Naturally, he is prepared for that eventuality. To eliminate aftertaste between samplings of different vintages, he suggests, "the palate is easily prepared by chewing, vigorously, an ordinary chocolate bar between sips."

Rolling Your Own

For years, sales of loose tobacco for hand-rolled cigarettes have zigzagged downward, perhaps because Americans find rolling inconvenient when tailor-made cigarettes are so easily available. Prices for those tailor-mades, however, have zoomed. (In New York, a pack now sells for 55¢ to 65¢, in San Francisco, 40¢ to 50¢.) To fight that rise, the Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp. has now hit the streets with Laredo, a kit that might be called the Rolls-Royce of cigarette-rolling machines. Fast, efficient and all but completely foolproof, it turns out a filter cigarette in less than a minute. Included in the outfit are tobacco, specially made papers and filters, the rolling machine and even 20-butt packets (which, curiously, do not bear the compulsory warning that smoking may be injurious to health). The cost? About 20¢ per pack—a boon to the heavy smoker and an apparent setback for American Cancer Society and other anti-smoking campaigners.

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ENVIRONMENT

A Stinking Strike

Only three years ago, Britain's rivers were rated among the cleanest in Europe. Last week many were full of dead fish, industrial wastes and human excrement. The nation's 80,000 sewage-plant workers, whose wages average \$33.60 a week, had gone on strike for a 20% raise. In their absence, management crews bravely tried to run 5,000 municipal treatment plants, which normally cleanse 3 billion gallons of raw sewage a day. In some places, management failed; one official described the stench as "appalling."

In Bristol, a daily torrent of 50 million gallons of wastes poisoned the once sweet Avon River. At Blackpool, raw sewage spewed directly into the Irish

by hand anything that comes along and clogs it. You have to grab rats, contraptions, everything."

At week's end, although some cities were ready to come to terms, the union refused to make piecemeal settlements. Meantime, public health officials worried about a possible outbreak of cholera. But the highest cost of the strike was being borne by nature. Britain's lovely rivers may take as long as ten years to recover from the polluting flood of raw sewage.

Visionary Zeal in Detroit

Greece's Constantinos A. Doxiadis is an oracle among planners. As proprietor of the multidisciplinary science of human settlements he calls Ekistics, he foresees the gradual evolution of "Ecumenopolis"—a world city formed by overlapping megalopolises. If present trends continue, he says, the world city will be a ghastly, inhuman place. Determined to head off such a bleak future, Doxiadis is trying to shape the growth of today's cities. He has just completed a five-year, \$3,000,000 study of the 23,059-sq. mi. "Urban Detroit Area," sponsored by the Detroit Edison Co.

Packed with statistics—income changes within the region, population shifts, growth patterns—the study offers a framework for logical action. It is already yielding some benefits. Detroit Edison will place its power transmission lines down utility corridors proposed by the planner. Michigan's highway department will henceforth leave room on the center strip of new expressways for alternate forms of future transit.

Five-Point Remedy. For all that, Doxiadis is convinced that the region's problems demand still bolder action. He is especially worried about the steady flight of middle-class people from Detroit to the suburbs. "They are moving out at a rate of two yards a day, including weekends," he says. As a result, the center city is withering and the outer city is sprawling formlessly over Michigan's pleasant countryside. To order the growth by the year 2000, Doxiadis recommends a five-point program:

- ▶ Downtown Detroit should be rebuilt.
- ▶ To refocus Detroit's expansion, a new "twin" city should be created near Port Huron, 50 miles northeast of Detroit.
- ▶ Ten smaller satellite cities, half of them new, should encircle the twins.
- ▶ A new high-speed, automated transit system should connect all these cities.
- ▶ Green belts and recreational areas, now woefully lacking, must be provided.

The Power of Fear. Unfortunately, this ambitious blueprint stands little chance of being followed. For one thing, Doxiadis predicts that Detroit will grow northward toward the St. Lawrence Seaway; at present, the Seaway is not attracting any surge of industry and the city is expanding faster in every other direction. To make matters worse, the 1,112 local governments in

the Detroit region, jealous of their autonomy, have steadfastly refused to work together and show no signs of changing in the future.

Most important, the plan does not recognize the extent to which fear determines day-to-day decisions in the crime-ridden Detroit area. City dwellers, fearing for their safety and property, seek refuge in the suburbs. Suburbanites, afraid to shop downtown, create a demand for more outlying shopping centers, which erode Detroit's appeal even more. What the area's citizens seemingly do not fear is precisely what Doxiadis fears most: continued suburban sprawl.

Multilevel Man

Vincent Ponte is a little-known planner who stands at the opposite end of the spectrum from Doxiadis. Instead of designing huge urban regions, Ponte concentrates on small, heavily used plots



PLANNER PONTE
Framework for logical action.

in downtown areas. His specialty is multilevel traffic systems; his showpiece is Montreal. His emphasis: practicality. "Downtown pays for at least 20% of a city's real estate taxes," he says. "Shouldn't we take care of a goose that lays such a golden egg?"


Ponte was educated at Harvard ('49) to make grand designs; on a Fulbright in Rome, he studied the relationship of baroque planning to infinite calculus. But when he went to work with Architect I. M. Pei for Developer William Zeckendorf, the realities of real estate narrowed his focus. Helping to plan Zeckendorf's many urban-renewal projects, Ponte learned how even one strategically located building could improve a city's tax structure as well as its aesthetic ambience. He discovered something else: "The feet have their own reasons. The activities that make a city—shopping, finance, law, culture—usu-



BAKING SCREENS AT SEWAGE WORKS
Demonstrating the value all right.

Sea. Eleven acres of low-lying country by the Ray River were flooded with Swindon's flushings, which then seeped perilously close to Oxford's water supply. In London, most of the city's daily output of 570 million gallons was kept under control, but two tributaries of the Thames flowed with filth.

Grabbing Rats. "The strike," said Alan Fisher, general secretary of the National Union of Public Employees, "is to demonstrate the value of the workers and the services they provide." It did just that. Britons were suddenly aware of the man-made torrents that roar ceaselessly under city pavements. "If the pumps stop for only half an hour," warned a London official, "the sewage will start coming up. London could be swamped. People could be drowned." A sewage worker gave another perspective: "My job is to stand by a screen wearing gloves, picking off



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ally cluster within walking distance of one another. That is why downtowns seldom grow bigger than 200 acres."

Spreading Roots. Ponte's target is the traffic congestion that makes face-to-face meetings more and more difficult. "You can't realistically solve the problem by widening streets or banning cars," he says. "You have to adjust, reshuffle things and separate the trucks, cars and people, each on a distinct level. Back in the 16th century, Leonardo da Vinci sketched plans to separate traffic this way. Rockefeller Center tried it in the 1930s." In 1957 Ponte saw his chance to update both. To land a project in downtown Montreal, Zeckendorf had to submit a plan for the surrounding area as well. Included in that plan was Ponte's proposal for putting truck ramps and pedestrian ways underground.

Typically, Ponte started small—under Zeckendorf's seven-acre Place Ville Marie office complex, which opened in 1962. Since then, Montreal's subterranean system has spread as vigorously as the roots of a healthy young tree. It now extends through about 50 acres, linking offices, hotels, subways, railroad stations, theaters—all the places that keep downtown alive and zesty. Ponte sees two main reasons for the success. First, the walkways are carefully designed "not to make people feel like moles." Spacious, punctuated by open courtyards and lined with bright shops and good restaurants, the promenades are always full of people. Second, other developers soon joined and expanded the system because they saw that they could easily rent store frontage in basement areas. As a result, the city got a whole new level of circulation.

New Image. Montreal's experiment did not go unnoticed. Other cities have called on other planners to provide variations. But Ponte remains the pre-eminent multilevel man. Anyone who phones his Montreal office is likely to be given a number to reach him at work in cities ranging from Paris to Melbourne. In Miami, where the water table is too high to allow digging underground, he is proposing to put walkways through the second story of buildings and on bridges over streets. In Dallas a Ponte-designed system already exists below the ten-acre Main Place office complex. Another portion will probably be built beneath a new city hall, then spread to developments on Griffin Square and Thanks-Giving Square.

"Everybody benefits," Ponte says. "Developers get more rent. Citizens not only have a new convenience of moving around, but the city becomes a richer, more diverse place. Tax revenues go up; the towns get a new image." To be sure, such circulation systems are only realized in bits and pieces. Even so, says Ponte, "at the rate that developers have been rebuilding downtown, a complete pedestrian system can be built in ten to 15 years. You might think that this sounds visionary—and it is, to some extent. But it is also eminently practical."

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MUSIC



JANIS JOPLIN AT NEWPORT (1968): TRAGIC HEROINE IN A THEATER OF THE YOUNG

Blues for Janis

People seem to have a high sense of drama about me. Maybe they can enjoy my music more if they think I'm destroying myself.

Janis Joplin knew that the aura of self-destruction was part of her appeal. She also knew that to her contemporaries she was much more than a rock singer. She was a tragic heroine whose character summed up all the contradictions, frustrations and despairs of life under 30. It was her special gift that nightly she seemed to triumph over her burdens in concerts that were a kind of cathartic theater of the young. Her exuberances, her frenzies, her "highs" set off chain explosions in the audiences. The quart bottle of Southern Comfort that she held aloft onstage was at once a symbol of her load and a way of lightening it. As she emptied the bottle, she grew happier, more radiant, and more freaked out. The spread of the feet grew wider, the stomp more frantic. The flopping mop of hair did its best, but could not completely hide the tightening grimace of the face. As the mouth opened wide, the macadam voice, scarred by booze and cigarettes, grew louder and bolder:

Time keeps movin' on.

Friends they turn away.

I keep movin' on.

But I never found out why.

I keep pushin' so hard, an' babe,

*I keep try'n to make it right
to another lonely day.*

Last week, on a day that superficially at least seemed to be less lonely than most, Janis Joplin died on the lowest and saddest of notes. Returning to her Hollywood motel room after a late-

night recording session and some hard drinking with friends at a nearby bar, she apparently filled a hypodermic needle with heroin and shot it into her left arm. The injection killed her.

Purists insist that no white man or woman can really sing the blues, because they cannot have known the pain of body and soul from which true blues rise. In her music, Janis certainly came as close to authentic blues as any white singer ever has. Her life, too, contained generous portions of disorder and early sorrow. In her native Port Arthur, Texas (pop. 56,000), a staid Gulf Coast city dominated by the oil refineries that employed her father, she was an awkward child, part tomboy, part *appassionata manqué*. Save for a brief stint as a cherubic church soprano, she was an outcast, a rebel against conventions both adult and preadolescent. "They put me down, man, those square people in Port Arthur," she later told an interviewer. "And I wanted them so much to love me."

In reaction she developed into the city's first hippie. Rejected ("They threw rocks at me in class," she recalled with typical Joplin hyperbole), she ran away to the West Coast at age 17.

For several years she floated around San Francisco from coffee houses to small folk festivals, puffing a little pot and belting out Bessie Smith blues ballads (her other idol was Leadbelly) in a competent but slightly affected style. She was into drugs as well as alcohol, but troubled by the fact. By early 1965, she had pulled out and gone home to her father, mother (a registrar at a local business college), and her younger brother and sister. For two years she dabbled at college, and one way or another got enough learn-

ing to read Freud and describe herself as a "Scott Fitzgerald freak."

By the middle of 1966, several old San Francisco friends had got together a promising rock band called Big Brother and the Holding Company. Since the Jefferson Airplane had Signe Anderson (later replaced by Grace Slick), the boys sent for Janis to be their lead singer. She began to learn about rock 'n' roll, and to please her, they began to learn about the blues. By the time of the Monterey Pop Festival in June 1967, after months of hard practicing in Haight-Ashbury, they were ready. The documentary film *Monterey Pop* is the celluloid affidavit of their triumph.

A year and a half later, Janis, reaching for superstardom, quit the group and moved out on her own. With a little help from Albert Grossman, who also manages Bob Dylan, Peter, Paul and Mary and The Band, she soon developed into the world's top female rock singer, commanding as much as \$50,000 a night. Like her idol Bessie Smith, Janis had a singing style as earthy as a streetwalker. There were myriad subtle ways in which her voice could range from a deep throaty groan to a high tender croon. When she licked into a phrase like "Oh, I'd be so good to ya, babe, yeah!" (*Turtle Blues*), there was no mistaking the kind of ecstasy she had in mind.

Tragic Gamble. Too young at 27, too important to the lives of millions of her generational kin, Janis died unaccountably at a time when life seemed ready, for a change, to offer some answers. She was as aware as anyone of the deaths of major talents who tragically thought drugs were something they could gamble with and win; most recently there was the death of the king of rock erotica, Jimi Hendrix. In the fall of 1969, she was taking a six-month vacation "to clear my head." By last February she claimed to have kicked heroin. "I don't touch drugs," she told an interviewer at the time. "These kids who touch drugs are crazy when they can have a drink of Southern Comfort."

Just recently she acquired her first steady beau, Seth Morgan, 21, an affluent Easterner from Blue Hill, Me., who thrilled Janis by, among other things, paying the dinner checks she always used to have to pick up herself, even when in a crowd. To her friends, she talked casually of the possibility of marriage. Her new back-up group, the Full Tilt Boogie Band, had got excellent notices on a coast-to-coast tour last summer. Recording sessions for Columbia—six-day-a-week affairs, often running from 2 p.m. to midnight—had been going well. Out of ten songs planned for her new album, she had only two left to complete. One was *Buried Alive* in the *Blues* by her friend Nick Gravenites. Sample verse: "All caught up in a landslide, had luck pressing in from all sides/ Got bucked off of my easy ride, buried alive in the blues." For pop singers, the alternative to a hit is oblivion. Janis Joplin had big hopes for *Buried Alive*.

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MEDICINE

Sweating Blood

Though blood transfusions have saved thousands of lives, the procedure can be risky for patients and doctors alike. In the past five years, more than 20,000 Americans have contracted serum hepatitis, many from blood transfusions, and several have sued as a result. A number of courts have rejected their claims. But last week an Illinois housewife won one round in a legal battle and touched off a scare that has hospitals sweating blood.

Mrs. Frances Cunningham entered MacNeal Memorial Hospital in Berwyn, Ill., for treatment of anemia in 1960,

a malpractice suit for failure to perform a life-saving procedure. "The thing that scares me most," says David Stickney, associate director of the Illinois Hospital Association, "is that some doctors and hospitals may be reluctant to prescribe transfusions even though they may be needed, because they don't want to risk being sued."

Economic Impact. The impact may be economic as well as medical. Dr. James Hartney, a pathologist, who serves as chairman of the Chicago Medical Society's blood-bank committee, estimates that transfusions are responsible for as many as 750 cases of hepatitis in the Chi-

varied as the sources. Volunteer donors are generally healthy and willing to discuss their medical histories with blood officials. But commercial donors are another matter. Often Skid Row derelicts or drug addicts selling their blood for the price of a bottle or a fix, they are twelve times more likely to carry hepatitis than a volunteer.

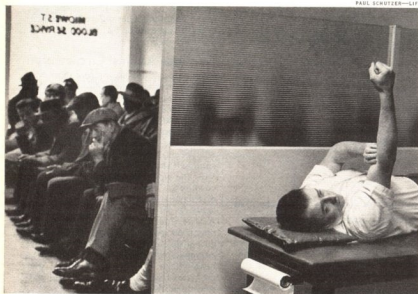
Current tests—only 30% to 50% accurate—often cannot determine what the donors are unwilling to acknowledge. For this reason, an increasing number of hospitals are avoiding commercial blood entirely, and trying to rely solely on volunteer donors or members of the patient's family. Some hospitals have gone even further. In cases of pre-scheduled surgery, they ask the patient himself to come in a month or so before the operation and donate a supply of his own blood.

Danger Signals

Despite medical advances, man continues to take chances with his health. To combat this familiar pattern, doctors across the country last week issued warnings against three current follies.

► Physicians attending a Manhattan seminar reported that lax personal hygiene, particularly in hospitals, has canceled many of the gains of modern medicine. According to Dr. Robert Elston of the American Public Health Association, many hospital staffers believe that antibiotics have made frequent hand washing unnecessary. But the A.P.H.A. reports that about 5% of all patients now incur infections during their hospital stays. Almost 40% of nurses, for example, were found to carry resistant strains of infection-producing bacteria. An unpublished study by the faculty of the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons identified even worse offenders: "One of the most persistent purveyors of germs in a given hospital department is the chief of that unit. Because he is at the top of the pecking order, no one may effectively question his approach, procedure or sanitary practices."

► A team of Chicago doctors criticized the aerosol bronchial sprays that asthma sufferers, among others, increasingly use to help open constricted bronchial passages. After a detailed study, Drs. George Taylor and Willard Harris reported that some sprays produced abnormal heart rhythms in mice, rats and dogs. They also warned that Freon—the heavier-than-air gas used as a propellant in many of the bronchial nebulizers—is absorbed into the blood through the lungs and affects the heart. This may be responsible for the rising death rate among spray users during the past ten years. Published reports show more than 50 unexpected deaths following inhalation of sprays containing pressurized gas, many among asthmatics seeking relief. Several victims had exhausted as many as two containers of pressurized spray shortly before death. In a few cases, the evidence was even stronger;



SELLING BLOOD IN DETROIT
Implied warranty against defects.

During her stay, she received several pints of blood, and when she came down with a severe case of serum hepatitis a few months later, she sued the hospital for \$50,000.

A lower court threw out the suit, but Mrs. Cunningham did better on appeal. Citing decisions holding sellers responsible for the safety of their products, her lawyer argued that blood is a product, not a service as the hospital alleged. Thus he had only to show that it was defective in order to win his case. Now the Illinois Supreme Court has accepted the argument and sent the case back to the lower court for trial.

Disastrous Dilemma. Though it affects only Illinois, the decision has profound implications that may influence courts in other states as well. By extending the doctrine of strict liability to blood, it leaves hospitals open to damage suits from patients who contract hepatitis from blood transfusions. It also confronts them with a disastrous dilemma: the choice between a necessary but possibly infectious transfusion and

cago area each year. He figures that if each patient sued successfully for \$50,000, it could add as much as \$14 a day to local hospital charges. Others feel that the decision will raise the costs of malpractice insurance, which will be passed on to the patient in increased charges.

To avoid these increased costs, Illinois hospital and medical associations are pressuring the state legislature to follow two dozen other states and enact legislation exempting blood from the doctrine of strict liability. Such a measure would go far toward lightening the liability of hospitals that administer blood transfusions. It would do little, however, to reduce the substantial risk of hepatitis for those receiving the blood.

Dangerous Donors. U.S. hospitals transfuse about 6,500,000 units of blood a year. Though blood banks in Seattle, Portland and San Francisco have been able to meet local needs with volunteer donors, Chicago depends upon professional donors for a good proportion of its blood, New York for a lesser proportion. The quality of the blood is as

Rockwell Report

by Clark Daugherty, President

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the victims were clutching empty pressure-nebulizers when they were found.

► Two Los Angeles physicians expressed concern over the belief, held by a growing number of drug addicts, that milk is capable of neutralizing the effects of heroin. Apparently believing that pushers use powdered lactose to dilute—and thus enlarge—their supplies, some addicts inject themselves with milk in an attempt to offset an overdose. The results are dangerous indeed, since milk contains proteins and fats that produce severe reactions when introduced directly into the bloodstream. According to Drs. Ernst Drenick and Kenneth Younger, one heroin addict whose friends injected milk into his veins became comatose and required extensive emergency treatment before he recovered. Two others were not so fortunate. One suffered permanent brain damage after he maintained milk; the other died.

The Case Against Circumcision

Few operations are more common in the U.S. than circumcision—the surgical removal of the foreskin covering the penis. Once it was practiced mainly by Jews and Moslems, whose reasons are religious, not medical. Now it is so widely accepted as a hygienic measure that 80% of all American baby boys are circumcised shortly after birth.

Is the operation necessary? Not according to Captain E. Noel Preston, a pediatrician stationed at California's Vandenberg Air Force Base. Writing in the *A.M.A. Journal*, Preston notes that the operation, performed from three to eight days after birth, can produce immediate complications in the newborn, such as hemorrhage and infection, plus later problems like painful urination and bed-wetting in older children.

Unjustified Risk. Many doctors assume that circumcision prevents cancer of the penis. But Preston notes that penile tumors occur in circumcised as well as uncircumcised men. Nor does circumcision appear to be a major factor in preventing cancer of the cervix in women. Men of India's Parsi group are not circumcised; Jewish men are. Yet cervical cancer is rare among the wives of both groups. It is more frequent, however, in lower-class Moslem women, whose husbands, though circumcised, maintain low standards of personal hygiene.

Preston readily agrees with the argument that an uncircumcised penis is more difficult to keep clean than one from which the foreskin has been removed. But this, he feels, does not justify the risks of an operation that he considers little better than mutilation. "If a child can be taught to tie his shoes or brush his teeth or wash behind his ears," says Preston, "he can also be taught to wash beneath his foreskin."

* Jews regard circumcision as part of the covenant between God and Abraham (*Genesis 17:9-14*) and a sign of belonging to the community of Israel. Arabs adopted the practice in pre-Islamic times, have since spread it to all Moslem lands.



Rockwell
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What can you do? Help make sure your state and your local community support this federal

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Cheyenne. With built-in custom accommodations that people used to think were reserved for cars.

There's a thickly padded foam bench seat clad in supple embossed vinyl. (Buckets and console available, too.)

The floor is carpeted.

The headliner is perforated.

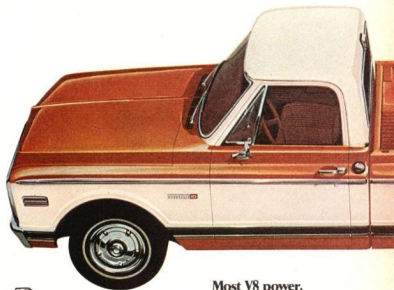
Bright metal trim everywhere you look.

We added pounds and pounds of extra insulation materials to make the quietest cab in the business quieter.

Outside we added a chrome front bumper. Cheyenne nameplates. Broad, beautiful lower body side moldings.

And to shed some light on the subject we included a cargo compartment lamp.

New Chevy Cheyenne. It's going to be a long year for ordinary pickups.



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When you design trucks to last as long as Chevies do, you include a highly reliable brake system.

Fade-resistant front disc brakes—not offered as standard on most other makes—are standard on all Chevy pickups. With fin-cooled rear brakes on $\frac{3}{4}$ -ton models. (Power assist is also standard on $\frac{3}{4}$ - and 1-ton models.)

Disc brakes provide improved durability. More rapid recovery from water.

And Chevy's balanced system—with a special pressure proportioning valve—gives you smooth, straight stops.



Most V8 power. Biggest standard 6.

Our biggest V8 is *the* biggest available.



No other pickup can top Chevy's 400 V8. And it's offered clear across the '71 Chevy pickup line.

Nobody can top our standard 6, either. 250 cubic-inches big.

And all Chevy engines are designed to operate efficiently on regular or the new no-lead or low-lead-content fuels.

Tougher.

'71 Chevy trucks are here.



Durable double wall cab and box.

We put two walls of steel between you and the outside world.

To help your Chevy truck last longer.

Double-wall roof. Doors. Sills. Cowl. Upper rear panel.

Chevy Fleetside boxes get the double-wall treatment, too. You could take a sledge hammer to the inside walls and you'd never know it from the outside.

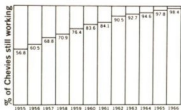
Try that on some pickups that don't offer full-depth double-wall construction. Then go call your friendly bump shop.

Chevy trucks work longer. Here's proof.

Official figures, based on R. L. Polk & Co. statistics, show how Chevis outlast other trucks.

Going back as far as 1955, for example, over 56% of the Chevis of that model year are still on the job.

No competitive make has as many as half of its '55 models still working.



Super Suspension rides smoother.

Chevy's Super Suspension is engineered to ride smoother—longer.

Everything is steel.

For total toughness.

Up front it's independent suspension. Which simply means that the front wheels absorb



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Or, for that matter, on up to the cab.

Or back to the load area.

So you ride high and easy. And your cargo gets a better shake in the deal, too.

(Or should we say lack of shake?)

And no other pickup makes available a wider choice of load-tailored rear suspension systems.

Beefy 2-stage coil springs.

Husky 2-stage rear leaf springs.

Even a happy combination of both. Smooth-riding rear coil springs. And rugged auxiliary rear leaf springs.

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Chevrolet

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It has come to our attention that some of you out there are drinking Teacher's Scotch on days other than Tuesday.



We feel duty-bound to remind everyone again that, in strictest point of fact, we have actually settled on Tuesday as the official, approved day to savour Teacher's, the cream of Highland whiskies.

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Enough said.

Thank you for your lack of cooperation.



Teacher's

The Scotch that made Tuesday famous

CINEMA



JONES KAYOING THE WHITE HOPE
The bruiser becomes the bruised.

Melted Copper

The very title betrays the facile irony: *The Great White Hope* is a walk-on; the film, based on Howard Sackler's Pulitzer-prizewinning play, concerns the Doomed Black Hope. He is Jack Jefferson (James Earl Jones), a full-throated paraphrase of Jack Johnson, World Heavyweight Champion from 1908 to 1915. The last five supersaturated years of his reign form the basis for Sackler's fictionalized crisis in black and white.

Jack Jefferson enrages the country not only because he has wrested the title from an Irish-American but because he has acquired a Caucasian mistress, Eleanor (Jane Alexander). A great copper statue of a man, Jefferson cannot be legitimately toppled. But he can be melted down legally. Arrested on a rigged Mann Act violation, the champ jumps bail and flees to Europe. There the bruiser becomes the bruised. The retreat starts in alcoholism and ends in a Budapest café where with aching symbolism he "lawdy me's" his way through the role of Uncle Tom on a tiny stage.

Such clanking devices would have even seemed excessive back in 1870, but restraint is a word unknown to Sackler. Jefferson refuses a standing offer to take a dive for a white champ in order to cancel out his previous "crimes." In a final Meaningful Act, he even rejects his beloved Eleanor, whom he suddenly sees as an albatross. In a scene that would shame Harriet Beecher Stowe, Eleanor's drowned body is brought onstage, and the broken Jefferson capitulates.

The boxing footage cannot compare to the celebrated guttural of *Body and Soul* and *The Harder They Fall*. Moreover, Director Martin Ritt has staged

some segments as if they were to be razed at a Panther rally. One in particular, when a prayer is chanted for the Black Hope, must rank as the most patronizing view of Negro life since *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?*

250-Watt Grin. Given such raw dramaturgy, such dim insights, who could possibly have thought *The Great White Hope* worthwhile? James Earl Jones, for one. And in fact he proves that the role of Jefferson is an actor's dream. Though he played it 429 times onstage, Jones has, if anything, grown fresher. He does not act the part so much as consume it, then let it shine out of his eyes and resound in his mouth: "If I let it go too long, then everybody say, now ain't dat one shiftless nigger . . . an' if I chop him down quick, then dey holler dat po' man up dere fightin' a go-rilla!" When white folks watch, Jefferson plays animal or vegetable. The 250-watt Satchmo grin flicks on at will, the massive shoulders shrug at circumstances beyond comprehension. But under the actor is the lava of black rage. When it erupts, the other players are inflamed. When Jane Alexander appears with Jones, she is a common-law Desdemona, the only believable white character in the film.

It is a pity that *The Great White Hope* is not up to its star. In Jones' eight-ounce gloves, black is beautiful, black is ugly, black is violent, black is gentle, black is self-deceit, black is truth—in brief, black is a man, and a man is the world. It is the kind of pounding, feinting, bloody, unbowed portrayal that ensures an Academy Award nomination—and possibly the prize itself. In drab surroundings, James Earl Jones' performance is a knockout—a technical knockout, to be sure, but how many heavyweight championship bouts are put on nowadays?

■ Stefan Kanfer

Rent-a-Womb

The Baby Maker begins as if it should have been titled *Regeneration Gap* and scripted by Timothy Leary. It unabashedly bills itself as a "social comedy of today's world." As the audience absorbs that modest claim, the film opens on Tad (Scott Glenn), mustachioed and lank-haired, wailing with a guitar in his dingy L.A. beach pad. His chick Tish (Barbara Hershey) is off to check out an uptight middle-class couple whose triplex in Brentwood is without child. Seems Mrs. Triplex has had a hysterectomy, and Tish is to audition for a possible rent-a-womb job with Mr. Triplex. There is heavy bread in the offering if she actually reproduces. "If we start right away, we can have a Scorpio," Tish brightly suggests. Meanwhile, Tad, the stoned-age Neanderthal, mutters "beautiful" and "out of sight" with numbing repetition.

For all that, the viewer who can



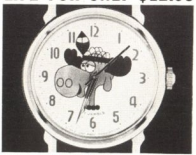
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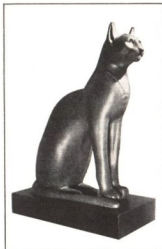
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wade through an implausible situation, a clutch of cardboard dropouts and painful patches of dialogue will discover a film that is curiously sensitive and affecting. Screenwriter James Bridges (*The Appaloosa*, *The Forbin Project*) makes his debut here as a director; his sympathetic approach to the principal characters and an admirable sense of directorial pace eventually overcome his stereotypes and his tin ear for conversation. Even so, Bridges could not remotely have succeeded without engaging performances from Miss Hershey (the willful teen queen from *Last Summer*) and Sam Groom and Collin Wilcox-Horne as Jay and Suzanne Wilcox, the childless couple. The film's strength lies in the delicate interaction of the trio as they move from their far-out decision through the pleasure and pains of childbirth.

Stepmotherhood. Groom and Miss Hershey set an intelligent tone for the ensuing nine months with the initial love scene that aims neither for low laughs nor clinical cynicism. Instead, Tish and Jay treat each other with a conspiratorial tenderness that deepens throughout her pregnancy. Suzanne, meanwhile, keeps a reasonably tight check on her jealous impulses and awaits, with as much dignity as possible, the qualified glories of stepmotherhood.

The Baby Maker's saving grace is that Bridges never resorts to cheap, boulevard-farce gimcracks where fundamental relationships are concerned. Jay does not run off with Tish, nor is Tish transformed into a Supermother who demands the baby at birth. However outlandish the situation's premise, it proceeds and climaxes with such natural



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Apart from boasting rare craftsmanship, the Nusauna is a triumph of thoughtful design. First of all, it rolls! On wheels! Holding a heavyweight Roman gladiator comfortably in its foam-backed, 5-position seat would pose no problem for Nusauna, yet it's compact enough to be transported through a 29-inch doorway then plugged into any outlet (it needs no plumbing) in any room (it's so water-tight, you can put it on that costly broadloom). What's more, the entire unit (not just cord and plug) is UL-approved and comes with timer and thermostat.

Join the sweat set

So that you can find out more about Nusauna, we've provided you with a coupon. Answer it and maybe instead of sweating your problems out, you'll start sweating them away.

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We're facing the future with confidence. We have good reason.

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logic that the film becomes unconventional Hollywood. The trio's art oddly imitates life and elevates *The Baby Maker* from garish absurdity to touching humanity.

■ Mark Goodman

Robust Sickness

"Classicism is health," wrote Goethe. "Romanticism a disease." By those very rigid standards, *First Love* is a sick film—admirably sick with love. It is also the robust debut of a film maker to be admired and watched. Just about every actor insists that "what I really want to do is direct." Maximilian Schell has not been content merely to yearn; he has made it happen.

Based on Ivan Turgenev's novella, *First Love* is the deceptively elemental narrative of an adolescent smitten by his father's mistress. "It is a story unusually lit with affection and nature," says Schell. "I decided only one photographer could really do it—Sven Nykvist, the artist who does Bergman's films. When he agreed I knew the picture would happen, and that it would work." Schell's instinct has proved infallible. Nykvist has filled the film with indelible imagery. The sunlight is a featured player of humor and warmth. Interiors seem to exhale melancholy. Weightless figures hover on the horizon and are swallowed by the sky.

Propelled Forward. The girl, Sinaita (Dominique Sanda), is an impoverished princess with a fatal blessing: unrelieved sensuality. She attracts not only the youth Alexander (John Moulder Brown) but a whole galaxy of worshippers, including Alexander's repressed father (Maximilian Schell) and Poet-Pretender Maidanov, played with self-mocking gusto by Playwright John Osborne.

Sleeping in 19th century tradition, the story could not but end sadly, with the girl dead, the boy suddenly grown older and wiser. Even the wild poet becomes a domesticated civil servant. Turgenev published *First Love* in 1860, when peasant restiveness was a background rumble. It is to Schell's credit that the scenario has been propelled forward 55 years—to the eve of the October Revolution—without losing its balance. Only in the choice of background music does the director lose track of the score, alternating from Chopin to a muted rock. Turgenev needs no varnish of "relevance." The story of *First Love* endures beyond fashion because, like all real art, it steps to the immutable rhythm of life.

In all other respects, Schell has proved himself a first-rate director. Will he act again? "For a good director, for a good role, of course. In the meantime, I will put together my own projects." The next? A film about German youth confronting the German past. "The money will not be great, the budget may be restricted. But at last I can make the films I believe in. What more compensation can a man want?"

■ S.K.

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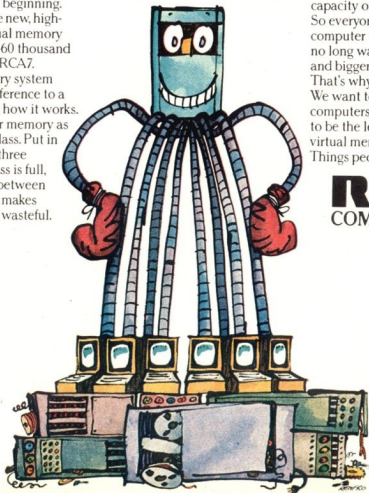
So everyone works as if the computer were his alone. There's no long waiting line. More jobs, and bigger jobs, can be done.

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We want to be number two in computers. To do it, we have to be the leader in things like virtual memory.

Things people want.

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A small black and white photograph of a man and a woman standing close together under a single umbrella, suggesting a rainy day.

don't endure.
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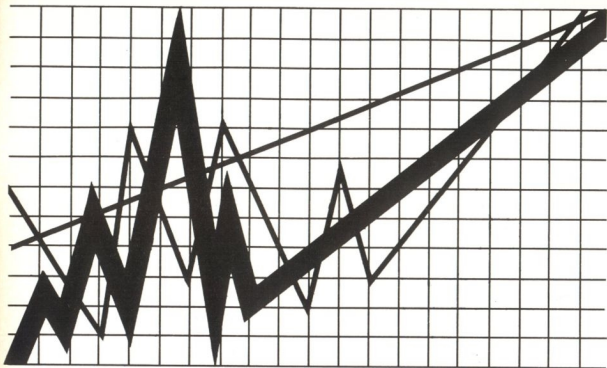
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BOOKS



PETER DE VRIES
An honest surfboard ride.

Mother's Lib

MRS. WALLOP by Peter De Vries. 310 pages. Little, Brown, \$6.95.

Between the time the hammer hits the thumb and the brain signals the bad news, there is an instant when the victim is at peace with the absurdity of the situation. Mrs. Wallop prolongs that moment of truce longer and more cleverly than most of Peter De Vries' previous eleven novels.

As a grand entertainment, the book is an animated suspension of De Vries' 30 years' war to unite tragedy and farce, faith and despair. It has none of the wrenchings of personal loss and religious crisis found in *The Blood of the Lamb*. There are no ghastly satirical accidents or bizarre deaths, such as befell the poet in *Reuben*, *Reuben* who hangs himself in an orthopedic harness. In *Mrs. Wallop*, the grotesque is thoroughly housebroken by De Vries' mastery of the instruments of parody. Literary styles and genres are lampooned, and holy cows milked. But Mrs. Wallop is really a response to the literary mother knockers, from Euripides (*Medea*) to Philip Roth (*Portnoy's Complaint*).

The request for equal time comes from Emma Wallop, a small-town Midwestern widow and retired nurse who wakes one day to discover that her former boarder, Randy Rivers, has published a bestselling novel entitled *Don't Look Now, Medusa*. A tin-plated *Spoon River Anthology*, it has as its main character a small-town Midwestern landlady, like Emma herself, given to dislocated clichés and malapropisms.

No Kitchen Privileges, Emma, who lives frugally despite stockholdings worth \$240,000, has difficulty under-

standing why Rivers would do such a thing to her. Their relationship had been pleasant, even though she never granted kitchen privileges.

The truth comes out shortly after Rivers returns to the Midwest to give a lecture. He stumbles off the stage in a drunken torpor, bashes his head and ends up recuperating in his old room at Mrs. Wallop's. She not only takes very effective charge of Rivers' recovery but also manages his love life and press relations. He in turn tells her that the harpy of his novel is really meant to be his own mother.

Mrs. Wallop's relief does not last long. Her own son Osgood, a struggling writer in New York, publishes a novella entitled *The Duchess of Obloquy*. Sandwiched in its entirety between Emma's own narrative, it moans the familiar tale of the castrated son. Through its absurd parodic details, however, De Vries engineers a nimble satire of contemporary attitudes on sex, race and Women's Lib.

The hero of Osgood's story is Bunk St. Cloud, a struggling New York writer who fathers the son of an ambitious singer, then accepts the role of unwed father while the girl pursues success. As a man, Bunk is ineligible to use the local day-care center, so he dresses in drag when dropping the kid off. Eventually, he is arrested as a transvestite by a policeman, also in drag. The singer returns and demands her rights as a mother. The baby's real father then turns out to be a Negro named Warshawski, with whom Bunk is collaborating on a play about black suburbia called *Uncle Tom's Cabin Cruiser*. Osgood's novella ends with an unparalleled spoof on a newspaper article that attempts to sort out the complications arising from Bunk's trial as a female impersonator. Who, what, where, when and why keep tripping over each other in a perfect reflection of the problems inherent in attempting to describe Mrs. Wallop as a whole.

Mother Wittgenstein. And so back to Emma Wallop. Maternal impulses still intact, she goes to New York to help Osgood get his life moving. Playing a role somewhere between Prospero and Scattergood Baines, she launches his career by sinking \$200,000 into a movie of *The Duchess of Obloquy*. She also fixes him up with the right woman.

De Vries' obvious point is that, given equal time, all of Emma Wallop's supposed vices as an attentive mother turn out to be virtues. No less obvious is a sporadic echoing of themes that De Vries has treated with deeper feeling and attention in other novels. Matters of love, guilt and faith are often handled in facetious throwaway lines that frequently make Emma resemble one of those New Yorker cartoon matrons who quote Wittgenstein.

That is as it should be. Having sensibly failed to see herself defined in the myths of Oedipus, Medusa or Phaedra, she decides that such quests for meaning are "a pathetic attempt to give ourselves a scope and a glory we do not intrinsically possess." We are, she concludes, "comic-strip characters plain and simple." If Mrs. Wallop is essentially a brisk exercise in pure amusement, that is also as it should be. "I'd rather offer the reader an honest surfboard ride," De Vries once said, "than pack him into a diving bell and then lower him into three feet of water, which is what so many 'serious' writers do."

■ R.Z. Sheppard

The Road Back

ANIMALS IN MIGRATION by Robert T. Orr. 303 pages. Macmillan, \$12.50.

Despite occasional collisions with man-made obstacles like the Empire State Building, one of which recently claimed the lives of hundreds of south-bound warblers, birds are easily the fleetest, most accurate and far-ranging of migrants. Even the smallest feathered creature in North America, the .09-oz. calliope hummingbird, buzzes 6,000 miles each year from British Columbia to Mexico City and back. The ruddy turnstone and bristle-thighed curlew fly more than 2,000 miles nonstop from Alaska to the Hawaiian islands on their way to the South Pacific. The long-distance champion of them all is the Arctic tern, which makes an annual round trip of 22,000 miles.

Frogs, toads and salamanders also migrate, if only a mile or two. Many snakes go into something like hibernation; to find the best location for doing so, they move short distances, seeking not a change of climate but a warm spot for the winter. In one choice



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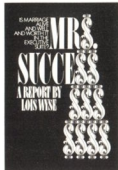
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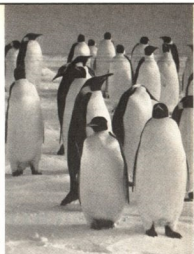
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EMPEROR PENGUINS IN ANTARCTIC
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den in an anthill in Manitoba, 257 snakes of three species were once found.

Hitchhiking Barnacles. A California ornithologist and mammalogist, Author Orr describes the quirks and patterns of migration that scientists have brought to light, mostly during the past quarter-century. He notes that barnacles hitchhike to new climes by attaching themselves to whales, sailfish and ships' bottoms. Like some commuters who are forced to transfer from train to bus or taxi, Adélie penguins migrate using an integrated transport system. They toddle across the bleak Antarctic icecap on foot, swim in the icy sea and cruise lazily on drifting ice floes.

The homing ability of some migrating animals is uncanny. A bat living in Arizona's Colossal Cave was removed 28 miles and freed; it found its way home in less than four hours. A coho salmon raised in a California hatchery was shifted to a different stream when it was a year old. At spawning time the next year, the fish ascended back in its old tank. From the sea, it had found and ascended its home stream, crossed under U.S. Highway 101 by culvert, swum through a storm sewer and up to a flume, finally wriggled through a right-angled 4-in. drainpipe, knocking off its wire cap, and leaped across a wire net that surrounded the drain.

Piratical Hawks. Navigators of the animal world use a wide variety of clues for orientation. Some birds make use of the coastline, the sun or, more commonly, the stars. There is a theory that others are guided by the slight force of the earth's magnetic field. Some animals seem to depend upon old-fashioned topographic features, which they pick up with their own sonar. Eels, according to studies reported by Orr, have so keen a sense of smell that they could detect half a teaspoon of alcohol diluted in 42-mile-long Lake Constance.

Some of the most absorbing details in Orr's book deal with the ways in which different migrators may interrelate—often bloodily. Birds crossing the eastern Mediterranean in late summer and early fall, for example, must face the

Sheraton on Waikiki Beach, Hawaii

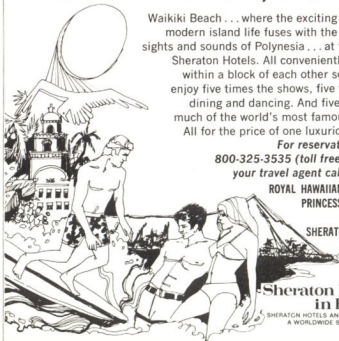
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threat of the Eleonora's falcon. Some 3,000 pairs of these piratical hawks have timed their breeding season—when they require maximum food to feed their young—to match the migrating patterns of European warblers and other small birds. Swooping in upon their helpless prey high over the water, the falcons take an estimated annual toll of nearly a million birds. Fortunately this is but a small fraction of the billion or so migrants that beat their way between Europe and Africa each year.

■ Alan Anderson

BROWN BROTHERS



LINDBERGH WITH AMERICA FIRSTERS (1941)
Both sensitive and unperceiving.

The Lindbergh Heart

THE WARTIME JOURNALS OF CHARLES A. LINDBERGH. 1,038 pages. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. \$12.95.

During a 1944 strafing mission in the Pacific, the tormented and by then tainted American hero Charles A. Lindbergh sighted a lone figure on the beach below. "At 1,000 yards, my .50-calibers are deadly . . . I cannot miss . . . My finger tightens on the trigger. A touch, and he will crumple on the coral sand." But there is something about the potential victim's bearing, stride and dignity "that has formed a bond between us . . . I realize that the life of this unknown stranger—probably an enemy—is worth a thousand times more to me than his death. I should never quite have forgiven myself if I had shot him—naked, courageous, defenseless, yet so unmistakably man."

Through 1,038 pages of this chronicle, which begins with America's drift into the war he deplored, Lindbergh has strewn fine revelatory glimpses of himself—a self often at odds with the public figure molded from his deeds and his legend.

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fully guarded the Lindbergh babies ever since the kidnaping and death of Charles Jr.—Lindbergh insisted on digging the grave himself. "It seemed an obligation that I, personally, must fulfill, and in which I could not let anyone else take part." Once, to ensure the arrival on deadline of a manuscript by his wife, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, he crawled out of bed to retype it for her, finishing at 6 o'clock in the morning.

His devotion to his wife was and is complete. They share a love of the land, the ocean and particularly the sky, and an eloquence in describing their feelings about such things: "At night when I stand on the beach and look at the stars, I wonder why man describes as progress the science which screens such beauty from his life."

The Lindbergh of these journals is a man so sensitive and perceptive that he studies with understanding the eyes of caged animals in a zoo, and yet so insensitive and unperceiving that he fails to grasp that there was anything wrong in openly baiting American Jews. Herbert Hoover shared Lindbergh's view that the Roosevelt Administration, Jews and Anglophiles were deliberately leading the nation toward World War II. But when he chided Lindbergh in 1941 for saying so publicly Lindbergh was uncomprehending. He still is.

Quoted Scriptures. What the book mainly reveals is a keen and wide-ranging intelligence that is also peculiarly restricted. Not a single entry recants Lindbergh's frequently expressed overall admiration of Nazi Germany. Nor does his rigid rectitude permit him, even today, to entertain the possibility that America's involvement in World War II was the result of anything but choice. Lindbergh has often been accused of having been singularly unmoved by a postwar visit to a German concentration camp. Not so. "Here was a place," he wrote, "where men and life and death had reached the lowest form of degradation. How could any reward in national progress even faintly justify the establishment and operation of such a place?" But he felt a compulsion to link, even to equate, the Nazi horror and attempted genocide with atrocities committed by other nations, especially his own, on the field of battle.

To sustain his point, Lindbergh is drawn to Holy Scripture. "And why beholdst thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?" he quotes. In absolute moral terms, Lindbergh was correct. Taking a human life is no less horrendous because of method, or the military or civilian status of the slain. But Lindbergh was also operating in the realm of everyday moral choice and national policy. At that level, it was both essential and humane to distinguish between Hitler's Germany and the rest of the world.

The Wartime Journals makes clear the sources of Lindbergh's increasingly jaundiced view of his own country. Even



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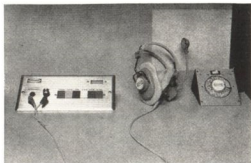
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three decades ago, its cities were becoming grimy, artificial and oppressive. The press and public converted him into an object of endless and pitiless curiosity. On one occasion, as he and Anne dined in a restaurant, a noisy crowd at the next table discussed the trial of their baby's kidnaper in voices loud enough to make certain the parents would hear. Indeed, the free American press made sure that Charles Lindbergh was not free to walk, eat or even grieve alone—not just for years but for decades. When his baby lay dead in his coffin, he writes, photographers pried open the lid to take pictures. So persistent and enduring was his harassment that Lindbergh moved his family to Europe in a desperate attempt to escape. In 1938, Berlin seemed much more inviting to him than his native land. He seriously contemplated establishing his winter home there only a few months after Hitler—then at the zenith of power—occupied Austria.

Instead, Lindbergh returned to the U.S. to struggle in the arena of international politics. As one of the best-known noninterventionists of the early '40s, he traveled widely under the auspices of the America First Committee, in a public glare that he insists he abhorred, to argue that the U.S. had neither the strength nor the need to stop Hitler. His sense of personal rectitude at that moment and his intransigence continue to this day. "In general, I find that I still hold the beliefs I entered on the *Journal* pages," Lindbergh, now 68, writes in a letter included in the introduction. Those beliefs he supplements with a new one: that "We won the war in a military sense"; "but in a broader sense it seems to me we lost it, for our Western civilization is less respected and secure than it was before."

■ **Hayes Gorey**


Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Love Story*, Segal (1 last week)
2. *The Crystal Cove*, Stewart (2)
3. *Great Lion of God*, Caldwell (3)
4. *The Secret Woman*, Holt (4)
5. *God Is an Englishman*, Delderfield (8)
6. *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, Fowles (5)
7. *Calico Palace*, Bristow (6)
8. *The Child from the Sea*, Goudge
9. *The Green Man*, Amis
10. *Baby, It's Cold Inside*, Perelman

NONFICTION

1. *The Sensuous Woman*, "J" (1)
2. *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex*, Reuben (2)
3. *Inside the Third Reich*, Speer
4. *Body Language*, Fast (4)
5. *Future Shock*, Toffler (6)
6. *Ball Four*, Bouton (5)
7. *Zelda*, Milford (8)
8. *The Wall Street Jungle*, Ney (9)
9. *Sexual Politics*, Millett (7)
10. *Up the Organization*, Townsend

A photograph of a person walking through a field of tall, dry, golden-brown grass. A wooden fence runs diagonally across the frame from the upper left towards the center. The person is in the lower right quadrant, wearing a striped shirt and dark pants. The overall scene is bathed in warm, golden light, suggesting late afternoon or early morning.

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